CEYLON ELIZABETH GILLILAND

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Jon R. Waltz

Peace Corps
AGENTS OF THE NEW EMPIRE
Marshall Windmiller

• • •

About that Cloud in Trousers
WOROSZYLSKI'S 'LIFE OF MAYAKOVSKY'
Guy Daniels

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LETTERS

only Asians?

The Nation *has received a copy of an open letter to President Nixon, parts of which it publishes below:*

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: We Asian-Americans are sickened and angered by the spectacle, generated by the American people and supported by the President of the United States, where a confessed murderer of at least twenty-two human beings has been made into a national hero and set free pending appeal.

Must we remind you, and the American people, that Lieut. William Calley has been tried, convicted, and sentenced by a jury of his military peers of having murdered in cold blood, at least twenty-two unarmed and unresisting old men, women, children and babies in their mothers' arms? . . .

Considering the magnitude of his crime, it is incomprehensible that you have set Lieutenant Calley free. . . . It is indeed strange for a President who believes in "law and order" to destroy the very foundations of military discipline and justice. Can it be that you and the American people do not consider the My Lai massacre a "real" crime because the Asian people are less than human? . . .

We agree with the charge that Lieutenant Calley is a scapegoat being used to protect the higher officers. But this does not, in any way, remove the guilt from Lieutenant Calley. . . . After Lieutenant Calley, Capt. Ernest Medina, followed by Col. Oran Henderson, and followed by Gen. William Westmoreland, all must be brought to trial.

Our own self-proclaimed Nuremberg and Yamashita doctrines state that a commander is responsible for atrocities committed by his troops, even if he did not order them and even if he had no direct knowledge of them. Ultimately, you, Mr. President, as Commander in Chief, must be held responsible. Indeed, we executed Prime Minister Hideki Tojo for war crimes committed by his nation, although Tojo himself never killed anyone. . . .

You, Mr. President, must face up to your responsibilities, and you cannot cleanse your conscience and that of the American people by allowing Lieutenant Calley to go free.

Japanese American Citizens League
Bay Area Community Chapter

the dancers

Santa Monica, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: My praise to the editors of *The Nation* for the March 22nd editorial, "Dancing for the Colonels," and for printing Carmelita Maracci's letter of response, "Obedient Dancers" [Apr. 12].

It was a rare and important moment for me, a somewhat embittered skeptic as regards the political and moral unresponsiveness of the dance community, to find printed both an astute editorial (questioning Ballet West appearing in Greece) and a refreshingly outspoken response by one of the most outstanding dancers of our time. . . .

The appearance of these items in your magazine has given a group of dancers on the West Coast a renewed incentive and impetus to further our past efforts to organize dancers in protest of the Indochina war, to make a concerted effort to extend the questioning of the appearances of companies in Fascist countries, and to inform and challenge dancers of this distressing situation. *Sandra Berlant*

Santa Monica, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The years of training and competition leading one into ballet companies breeds a basic insecurity, as there are few guarantees of a supportive wage to compensate for such an effort. The dancer is, furthermore, considered a nonpolitical, nonthinking member of society. Many accept this

(Continued on page 596)

EDITORIALS

Peace Demonstrations, 1971

Anyone who was still under the impression that the peace movement was moribund should have been in Washington during the week of April 19. The veterans set the tone under the superb leadership of John Kerry, a first-rate organizer with something approaching perfect political pitch.

His followers were worthy of him, as he of them. As they flung away their medals at the Capitol one said, "I am prouder today of the service I have given my country than at any time I was in uniform." Kerry said Vietnam would go down in history as "the war the soldiers tried to stop." They haven't stopped it yet, but by all indications they have advanced the date when the Administration will run out of excuses to continue it.

The near fraternization between the veterans and the police was one sign of a new development on the domestic front of this war. A lieutenant of police asked if anybody really expected him to throw veterans with amputated legs off the Mall, where they were sleeping, at one o'clock in the morning. He hadn't, he added blandly, received a copy of the Chief Justice's order. "Camping?" another cop asked. "I don't see any camping."

No troops appeared then or on Saturday, when the big crowd arrived. At the last great demonstration, after Kent State, they were much in evidence, although they did not appear on the Ellipse, where the mass meeting was held. There were troops on hand this time, but they were on the veterans' side, not the government's. Every night at the campsite, hundreds of young men in civilian clothes but with short haircuts appeared, bearing candles. They were active-duty GIs from Fort Meade and Fort Belvoir. On Friday night some 400, this time in uniform, attended a memorial service organized by the Concerned Officers Movement at the National Cathedral. After a "fiery homily" by William Sloane Coffin, they stood and gave the clenched-fist salute. Mary McGrory, the Washington columnist, says the Commander in Chief would have been aghast at the spectacle, but that evening he was addressing the 80th congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who made no disturbing gestures.

The Administration piled folly on folly. Mr. Nixon's Attorney General obtained an order from U.S. District Judge George L. Hart, forbidding the veterans to camp out on the Mall. The Court of Appeals overruled Hart, then Chief Justice Burger overruled the Court of Appeals. But the government infuriated Judge Hart by failing to enforce the order. He withdrew it himself and gave the government a tongue lashing. Any unprejudiced lawyer would agree with him—what kind of administration is it that uses a federal judge as a political cat's-paw?

President Nixon made a feeble attempt to discredit the veterans: only 30 per cent had war records, he asserted. But the veterans had brought proof of their service with them, and the President was quickly silenced. On Saturday, April 24, the day of the big demonstration, Mr. Nixon was at his Camp David sanctuary, safe from further embarrassment.

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There is a silly numbers game about these mass gatherings which all concerned might do well to avoid. The promoters tend to exaggerate the turnout, the authorities to depreciate it. The fact is that it is impossible, within a margin of error as high as 30 per cent, to estimate crowds of this size. More than 200,000 people were certainly involved that weekend, but no one can say what the actual number was, nor does it matter. The thing that counts is that the Indochinese war has evoked marches on Washington transcending anything of the kind in the history of the Republic, and proving that the spirit which animated the great Americans of the past is not dead. It lives as well on the West Coast, where the demonstration in San Francisco gave further proof.

The week of this American resistance movement will have an effect. The processes of investigation and legislation are not purely rational. On June 1, 1954, Sen. Ralph E. Flanders, 73, middle-of-the-road, a former machine tool manufacturer, took the floor against Sen. Joseph McCarthy. McCarthy's downfall, however, really began on June 9, when Joseph Welch, with tears in his eyes, responded to McCarthy's attack on Fred Fisher, a young associate of Welch. "Until this moment, Senator," Welch began, "I think I never really gauged your cruelty and your recklessness." Fred J. Cook tells what happened in those few seconds: "The Senate caucus room was hushed, its audience held spellbound by the sudden and potent drama." That electric moment did it—the McCarthy era was dead. In another form, the mass demonstrations, following the veterans' castigation of the government that had involved them in a wicked war, will hasten the war's end.

After the Rhetoric

Demonstrations and protests have an impact, but in the instant case it will be on the Congress, not on the Administration. Ernest Gruening put it succinctly—"There is no hope in the White House." Moreover, any demonstration, however large, however dramatic, can only set forces in motion. What is now necessary is to convert the gains of April 19-24 into political action. The follow-through is critical.

Congress must be induced to cut off funds by a date certain. It is moving in that direction, but it requires further impulsion. Cutting off funds will not stop Nixon in his tracks. There is enough money in the pipeline to keep the war going for perhaps another year. But in that case, the President would manifestly be bucking the will of Congress.

One promising course of action for the opponents of the Indochinese conflict is that sponsored by the National Council for an Indochina Deadline, 201 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. The council is of recent formation and impeccable parentage. Edwin Reischauer is the chairman. The executive committee includes Joseph Rauh, Jr., Roger Fisher, Ann Wexler (of Common Cause), Morton Halperin, John Douglas, Howard Gillette (chairman of the board of the Ripon Society), Paul Warneke, Rev. Harry Applewhite (United Church of Christ) and Edward Burling, Jr., chairman. Sponsors include Clark Clifford, Rev. Theodore Hesburgh,

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1971 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 212
No. 19

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Charles W. Yost, Victor Reuther, Leonard Woodcock, Jacob Potofsky, Ramsey Clark, Carl Stokes, Walter Heller, John Kerry, George Kistiakowsky, Arthur Larson and others of equal prominence.

The council has a simple device for converting popular sentiment into Congressional action. Concentrating on swing Congressmen, they plan to circulate a pledge card reading:

> I am a registered voter. I will vote in the November 1972 election. The only incumbent members of Congress for whom I vote will be those who vote this year to end all U.S. military involvement in the Indochina War.

This new initiative has much to commend it. It is simple. It is not partisan. It is precisely directed at those incumbents whose votes could make a difference. It is premised on a door-to-door approach carried out by active participants. It is designed to contribute added pressure to the forces that are already operating on the Congress. But it is a step beyond lobbying; it is selective grass-roots politics. The new initiative merits strong support by all those groups and individuals who want to see an early end to the war.

Epitaph to Laos

If one waits long enough, refutations to the big governmental lies always emerge. In the case of Laos, Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* performed the service.

Beech has been based in Vietnam since 1961. Recently he spent several weeks in Washington, interviewing Pentagon officials militarily responsible for the Laos operation, as the Nixon and Thieu Administrations were politically responsible. Beech is a hardheaded reporter—on past performance rather more a hawk than a dove, although neither category would fit exactly. The outcome of his interviewing at the Pentagon is to show how misleading was Nixon's report on Laos, and how right those Americans are who distrust his every statement.

"The thing to remember," a high Pentagon source told Beech, "is that the whole Laos operation was dictated by politics from start to finish. Also keep in mind that it is possible to accept a tactical defeat if you can gain a political victory."

That was the idea—one which under some circumstances could make sense. But after making the rounds of the Pentagon, Beech concludes that the Saigon-Washington axis took a tactical *and* a political defeat. Not that the North Vietnamese army did not sustain heavy losses. With B-52s flying air cover, thousands of their soldiers, mobilized for battle, were bound to suffer. But, despite the air cover and subsidiary U.S. support—American infantry covering the right flank, American aircraft furnishing transportation and striving to knock out North Vietnamese tanks and antiaircraft artillery—the best of South Vietnam's troops were horribly mangled and forced to retreat, many of them in a demoralized state and unfit for action for an indefinite period. The whole Vietnamization scheme was made to look absurd.

Beech's report shows that a good deal of sense is to be found in the Pentagon—a fact which the peace forces tend to overlook. On both moral and military grounds, there must be formidable opposition to what one American general has called "this lousy war," but these battles are fought privately. A top Pentagon source told Beech that the Laos invasion plan was "ill-conceived from the start," but, out of respect for the field commander, Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, he did not voice his objections in advance. Another Pentagon official said that if Thieu hadn't decided to get his troops out of Laos when he did, ". . . we would have had a catastrophe instead of a disaster." Perhaps the best epitaph to the Laos operation was voiced to Beech by "a wise and aging colonel" who said: "We should do more of our planning in retrospect."

The Big Account

In the issue of March 22, *The Nation* commented on the Army's radio and TV ad program ("The Army Ad Blitz"), which had drawn the fire of Reps. Lionel Van Deerlin and Parren Mitchell. Subsequently, Mr. Van Deerlin introduced a sense-of-the-Congress resolution which was referred to the House Commerce Subcommittee on Communications, chaired by Rep. Torbert H. MacDonald. The resolution states it to be the sense of the Congress that federal agencies should not spend public funds for radio and TV advertising. The subcommittee's hearings have been concluded and a report will appear in due course.

There seems to be agreement that the wording of the resolution is too broad. It may be modified to make it clear that not *all* federal agencies are under all circumstances to be subject to this prohibition. It is conceivable that paid broadcast advertising by some agencies might on certain occasions be in the public interest.

Meanwhile, the whole question of the Army's radio/TV advertising has fallen into confusion. All the organizations involved are voicing objections or grievances. One of the biggest gripes emanates from the advertising agencies. The "big" ones, according to newspaper reports, number no less than 615, and only seven were invited to bid on the Army's $10.6 million thirteen-week campaign to sell an all-volunteer Army to this year's high school seniors. The N. W. Ayer agency, which has been handling the Army's advertising for several years, received the contract. The Army's business is beginning to look sizable—funds have been expanded from $3.1 million to $18.1 million in preparation for the end of the draft, scheduled for 1973. If the other services follow suit, billings may go as high as $135 million over a three-year term.

Pending the outcome of the $10.6 million test campaign, the Pentagon has ordered the Army to stop spending on further broadcast advertising. In the early weeks, with TV messages varying from thirty seconds to six minutes and appearing with major programs, the Army says it has received 55,000 telephone calls. Four thousand callers left their names and "a large number" have visited recruiters.

The other services (Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps) are aggrieved by the Army's initiative. They complain that they, as well as the Army, have heretofore received free advertising from the media; if the Army pays, they foresee, they will have to do the same. In the past, the Army bought advertising in magazines and

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newspapers but relied on public service donations from radio and TV. The justification for buying time now is to "help determine whether advertising during prime-time viewing and listening hours is a more effective way to reach the target audience." The Army is also concerned about juxtapositions. For instance, high school seniors might not be eager to volunteer if the recruiting message were to follow an Indochinese battle scene showing casualties.

Some of the outlet stations are also upset. Chicago's WGN declined to sell time, but offered to provide it free at times selected by the station. A prize snafu occurred in Burns, Ore., where KRNS told the Army that it no longer qualified for free time since it was paying for ads which the station was not receiving! More than 100 small stations have notified the Army that, having been shut out of the paid campaign, they will no longer carry free spots.

The *Armed Forces Journal* took a jaundiced view of the Army program, calling it "a case history in . . . irrelevant, inane competitions." The networks, another party at interest, have not made their position clear. They are nervous about governmental pressures in general, but their witnesses before Mr. MacDonald's committee seemed to favor allowing the government to purchase time. They should take warning from Rep. F. Edward Hébert's suggestion that CBS should be excluded from a possible second phase of the Army's campaign. Mr. Hébert was displeased by CBS's "The Selling of the Pentagon."

Congressional Pandora

Rep. Harley Staggers (D., W. Va.), chairman of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, has had a good time in recent years investigating network news reporters. He has investigated the manner in which the networks covered the last Democratic convention in Chicago, to see if they used the most flattering camera angles when photographing the candidates. He has investigated the making of the documentary, "Hunger in America," to determine if newsmen hoked up the misery that was filmed in the rural areas of the Deep South, in San Antonio, and on Indian reservations.

For the most part, Representative Staggers' efforts have been aimed, it seems, at blunting the more aggressive efforts of reform journalists who work for TV—a cautious medium which needs encouragement, not petty criticism.

But now, accidentally, it seems that a Staggers investigation may do some good. He says he plans to hold hearings to discover whether there was faulty editing of the CBS documentary, "The Selling of the Pentagon," the exposé of military huckstering.

Staggers may get more than he bargained for. The hearings may be dragged back—whether he likes it or not—to the substance of the Pentagon's activities rather than to the form in which the network presented it. Indications of this come from part of a memo that Peter Davis, producer of the anti-Pentagon documentary, sent to Richard Salant, president of CBS News. It reads:

> Frankly, I would welcome any decision by Chairman Staggers and his Special Subcommittee on Investigations to examine the circumstances under which "The Selling of the Pentagon" was made and broadcast. There is an immense amount of material regarding Pentagon propaganda activities which we were not able to include in the broadcast and which I have virtually despaired of ever getting before the public. Some of this material relates to self-glorification by the Pentagon and some involves our own rather revealing experiences while making the broadcast.
>
> There is the way the Navy, for instance, publicizes itself by overpraising the Russian navy in an outrageously exaggerated manner.
>
> There was the major in Indiana who kicked the enlisted man who was trying to tell me about public information techniques on that particular base.
>
> There was the colonel who showed Jim Branon and me a propaganda film and then insisted there was no script for it when we asked him for one (his aide sneaked it to us). . . .
>
> There was the Navy commander who lied to our researcher, denying even his own identity. There was the other Navy officer who first lied to me about not taking the press on free luxury cruises and who then said, upon our presenting him with a Pentagon-originated telegram confirming the existence of such a cruise, "What we have here is merely a fundamental misunderstanding. . . ."
>
> There was the Air Force information officer who told me he thought all self-generated public relations activities by the Defense Department should be outlawed because they were so damaging to the fabric of democracy.
>
> There was the story Jack Tolbert told of how he and his colleagues brought pressure on certain key Senators to vote the Air Force way during the ABM debate.
>
> There was the recruiter we found in the Midwest who goes around telling high school students, "You're definitely going to die somewhere; why not Vietnam?"
>
> There was the Army captain, a member of Mr. Henkin's own staff, who tried to proposition one of the girls on our staff in order (he later said) to find out what we were doing.
>
> And there was, of course, Mr. Henkin himself—a former newsman and a highly respected one—who has so forsaken his late calling that he actually asked us to submit questions in advance before our interview with him last fall.
>
> None of these incidents—and there were many more—was included in the broadcast. Perhaps Chairman Staggers' subcommittee is going to provide the forum through which we can share them with the public.

Mail Robbery

The U.S. Postal Service, formerly known as the Post Office Department, has been losing money for many years, despite the fact that first-class postal rates, which increased 100 per cent in the 150 years subsequent to Ben Franklin's postmastership, have gone up 300 per cent in the past forty. Inflation is far from being the only cause. Rates have escalated—and the quality of service has declined—largely because of the department's refusal—or inability—to employ methods of modern technology. The handling and forwarding methods of the Post Office are obsolete to a degree that would long ago have caused any competitive private business to go under. The metamorphosis from the executive department to a "depoliticized" Postal Service has in no way visible to the

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eye of the mail user shaken the U.S. mail's devotion to 19th-century methods.

There is of course the question of why, alone among all activities of the federal government, the Postal Service should be expected to make ends meet. Delivery of mail is surely a service as important to the average U.S. citizen as any other the government performs for him. In our opinion, the assumption that mail service should pay its own way is no more valid than, say, the assumption that the Defense Department should do so.

But putting such considerations aside, it would seem that postal charges should at least fairly reflect not only the relative costs but the public benefit of the specific service involved. The increases now before the Postal Rate Commission would raise first-class rates by 33 per cent, air mail by 10 per cent, third-class by 25 per cent—and second-class by no less than 142 per cent.

Some may need reminding that so-called "junk" mail —advertising and promotion mailings, samples and the like, which are sent out without the recipients' wish or consent—constitutes third-class mail. Newspapers and periodicals, to which the addressees have subscribed and which presumably they wish to receive, are sent second-class mail. The fact that the intended increase for this class of service is nearly six times as great as that for "junk" mail would seem to suggest a severely warped sense of values on the part of the Postal Service.

Or it may simply reflect the lobbying skill—and the money behind it—of the Direct Mail Advertisers' Association. One might wish that publishers (and subscribers) were as ably represented.

In Penn's Clothing

As a matter of civilized political behavior, we feel that a public man's religious convictions should remain his private concern. The exception occurs when such a man uses his religion for political ends. Thus, we note with some puzzlement that, whereas Mr. Nixon has in recent months made increasingly frequent reference to the ideals of his Quaker background, a dissatisfaction with its celebrated adherent seems to be growing within the church itself.

At the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting last month, the Religious Society of Friends drafted a letter asking the President to refrain in future from referring to his Quaker convictions in the context of defending his policy in Southeast Asia. And the student senate of Mr. Nixon's Quaker alma mater, Whittier College, has passed a unanimous resolution asking that the honorary doctor of law degree bestowed on him in 1959 be withdrawn by action of the faculty and board of trustees.

How the President worships God is his own affair, but his protestations of sincerity would perhaps be more credible if he would cease to take the name of the Quakers in vain.

CEYLON: THE BITTER HARVEST

ELIZABETH GILLILAND
Miss Gilliland is a free-lance journalist, editor and poet.

"A parrot sways upon a tree,/Raging at his own image in the enamelled sea," writes Yeats about this part of the world. Those who know the beauty of Ceylon are troubled by the events that have exploded on the island. In South Asia, it is envied for its relative calm, but recent occurrences have brought it to the brink of civil war.

For two weeks in early April young radicals, many from educated middle-class and well-to-do families, controlled most of the island's rural areas and caused the government to resort to heavy military action against its own people. On April 6 the Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, broadcast that ammunition dumps and bombs had been discovered and that a plan to attack the capital city of Colombo (and to kidnap her) had been detected; that it had been foiled, but that terrorism was unleashed in the country.

The April 5 *Times of Ceylon* had already headlined the acute overcrowding in prisons, which had become "a serious hindrance to more effective training and treatment of both convicted and unconvicted prisoners." Added to the jailing of several hundred people came the imposition of emergency curfews and suspension of civil liberties, including visas to travel to Ceylon. Heavy censorship was imposed as the government sought, Chinese fashion, to isolate itself from the gaze of the world while it quelled its revolution.

As days passed and the organized character of the insurgency became apparent, the government was forced to appeal to the United States, Britain and India for aid. It notably did not appeal to the Communist bloc countries, with which it has aligned itself, though by the third week the Soviet Union was supplying manned MIG-17s. Thus the radical extremists of Ceylon had surfaced, suddenly and unexpectedly, harvesting the fruit of discontent sown by faulty economic planning and an inability on the part of the government to deal with profound social change.

The pangs of modernization in this microcosmic island society reflect something of what is taking place in much of Asia, as the population balance shifts toward higher percentages of young, nationalistic—or at least non-Western-oriented—and economically frustrated people. Ralph Buultjens, an Asian intellectual living in the States, believes that the events in Ceylon illustrate the volatility of politics in Asian nations that look calm on the surface but have the capability of exploding without warning. He says that a "covert political system, distinct from conventional politics, is evolving among those younger than 23. This represents the politicizing of the first generation of

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educated youth whose attitudes and expectations differ markedly from those of their elders. These young people, rather than moving into the power patterns set by the older generation, tend to resort to extraparliamentary action, with the result that this second world of politics surfaces like a Mt. Etna."

Young people in Ceylon are the beneficiaries of two decades of large-scale social welfare programs—rice subsidies, free hospitalization, and perhaps most important, free education from kindergarten to university. The rise in the number of educated can be traced directly back to the establishment of free schooling—compulsory to 16—in 1942. This schooling has produced a growing problem for the government, which in its planning would like to be able to count on more farmers and laborers. It could in fact create jobs rather easily in these categories, and begin to tap some of the manpower resources by providing economic opportunity, but there are few takers. People who have been educated in the free schools and the University of Ceylon prefer not working at all to taking jobs as domestics or laborers.

Of the 13 million Ceylonese, some 50 per cent of the adults are unemployed and many more, especially women, are underemployed. But this high rate has not been as serious a problem in Ceylon as is the 6 per cent unemployed in the United States. Historically, the family has been the base of life in Ceylon. People have sustained themselves within a family group and it is not thought necessary that everyone be employed. Certainly it is no disgrace to be without work, and no one will starve on an island where nature is so kind. I had this explained to me before the violence broke out, by a young man from Ceylon who works in the Malaysian Mission to the U.N. as a librarian and has been living in New York for the past decade. Once every few years he makes the thirty-six-hour trip (twenty-four hours flying time) back to Kegalla in the highlands.

Traditional attitudes have changed and unemployment has become incendiary. But in the elections of May 1970 it was apparently not an issue that influenced the electorate to any large degree, nor did there seem to be a threat that the Communists might capitalize on the situation, as they have tended to do where there is unrest. Mr. C.E.L. Wickremesinghe, who lives in Colombo and is widely known as the *éminence grise* of Ceylon politics, related on a visit to New York this winter that some 90 per cent of the voters would assuredly not support the Communists, though they are gradually moving toward a radically socialistic approach.

What did happen in the elections was that a coalition party came to power that includes both Trotskyists and Communists (terms used in ways not easily equated with their Western counterparts) within a Socialist-oriented government. Of the sixteen cabinet members one is a Communist, but only a handful of Communists were elected to the British-patterned Parliament. Youth supported the election of Mrs. Bandaranaike and the United Front Group, but within less than a year have swung away from their allegiance to the point of executing civil war.

Soon after Mrs. Bandaranaike and her party took over, a new direction in foreign policy was inaugurated. The government recognized North Korea, North Vietnam and the Vietcong "shadow" regime and withdrew recognition of Israel. What this implied was an attempt to gain moral support and material assistance from the Socialist bloc and, within the claimed framework of nonalignment, to reverse the more pro-West orientation of the previous regime.

Materially this has meant little if anything to Ceylon, and the impact on the so-called world balance of power cannot be great. Ceylon continues a sixteen-year trade relation with mainland China in which China buys rubber, paying a price above the world level, and sells rice to Ceylon below the market. The withdrawal of recognition of Israel has had some impact because of Ceylon's tea markets in the Arab world. When the announcement came out in London it was alleged that Jewish merchants had decided to boycott Ceylon tea, but Dr. Buultjens states that this is apparently not a long-term issue.

With regard to North Vietnam, the government's announced shift has produced no change, though in the case of North Korea diplomatic posts were apparently increased. *The New York Times* reports that officials in Ceylon have now ousted the North Koreans on the ground that they acted as a cover for a bigger foreign power thought to be behind the insurgency movement.

The need for foreign technology is crucial in Ceylon, which is attempting to become self-sufficient in food by growing more of its own crops. The "green revolution" has affected the country, but in a limited way. Gentleman farmers have adopted tractors and chemical fertilizers. The peasants, however, when they have gotten hold of these items of modern technology, have found it more profitable to sell them to the gentleman farmers for immediate cash returns than to use them to improve their own output. Diversification of crops has been encouraged in this rice-growing country, and it may be that new crops such as onions and potatoes will cut down reliance on imports.

When asked about foreign investment, before the outbreak of violence, people from Ceylon would say that it is needed. Aside from the ostensible benefits of technology, they said, the simple reason is that more external capital flows are needed for the country's development. So far, however, the new government has not announced plans to promote interest among foreign companies, and political uncertainty, nationalization threats, and a foreign policy oriented toward the Communist bloc have reduced external (Western) investment to a trickle.

Despite allegations to the contrary, the leaders of Ceylon have shown an increasing awareness of the need for the people to develop according to their own tradition and through use of local skills and creativity. A World Bank loan of $10 million for highway maintenance was recently rejected by the minister of Irrigation, Power and Highways because the Bank insisted that nine of the eighteen bridges planned be built by foreign contractors. Terms of this aid are now in the process of renegotiation. In an illuminating aside, the minister remarked that roads built in Ceylon should not be on the model of American expressways.

Tourism could be a major source of foreign exchange earnings, but many islanders fear it because of the predictable accompanying problems—gambling, prostitution

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and commercialism. Also the influx of affluent people to luxury hotels would have a bad effect on Ceylon's largely rural society. As one man said, "We do not want to become a country of waiters and busboys."

Whether there is a term for the instance of the "brain drain" operating demoniacally in the reverse, such as one speaks of reverse prejudice, I do not know. But such would apply vividly to 26-year-old Rohan Wijeweera, a one-time Ceylonese student at Lumumba University in Moscow. He returned to Ceylon in 1964 with the "Maoist faith" and joined the pro-Chinese wing of the Ceylon Communist Party. On March 16 of this year he was jailed for organizing destructive forces. The extent of the organization of radical youth he had helped to incite, and which was well equipped, was made apparent by the fact that his incarceration did not hinder their unleashing. An editorial in *The Times* of London refers to the "purposeless left-wing violence directed against a government that must have more convinced Marxists in its cabinet than any other in the non-Communist world."

Effective economic planning and a leadership that can evoke forces of constructive change are desperately needed in Ceylon as the nation tries to do in one generation what took the West three centuries—to move from feudalism into the modern world. Although the people have been deeply concerned about the problems that an increase of industry brings—and anyone from a technologically advanced country can understand this concern—it offers at least a partial answer. But in the immediate context, the answering of force with force seems to be the government's only recourse for dealing with what one hopes will be a short-lived bitter spring. □

CONSIDER LEE METCALF

THE INVISIBLE SENATOR

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

Consider Lee Metcalf in the context of Mike Mansfield. If Senator Mansfield, the Democratic Majority Leader, were to quit Washington and go home to Montana, the press would give considerable attention to his departure. The clichés would be trotted out again, and we would be told how hardly anybody in the Senate ever had a harsh thing to say about good ol' Mike, fair-play Mike, low-keyed Mike, the friend of Republicans and Democrats alike, etc. All of which may be true, of course, but to be popular in the Senate is hardly the most impressive measure of a politician's worth to the nation; nor is it much of an endorsement to say that the last time the Senator raised his voice in outrage was in delivering a eulogy seven years ago over the casket of John Kennedy in the Capitol rotunda.

A typical performance by Mansfield was given on the March 28th *Meet the Press* program. After he had said, "We still have too many bases scattered throughout the world, too many people overseas, and too much responsibility for other people's affairs," John W. Finney, a reporter for *The New York Times*, asked him if he talked that forcefully to President Nixon at their regular Tuesday morning meetings.

Oh no, no, said Mansfield; that would be "impertinent" of him. But the panel of reporters would not let him off that easily, and continued to press him on the point. Since the Senate was howling for a stronger advisory role in foreign affairs, another reporter asked, why shouldn't he start giving advice—impertinent or not—at those Tuesday sessions?

Well, said Mansfield, "I do not like to push myself personally."

This odd timidity by the supposed Majority Leader in the face of the most critical issue of the era is the sort of thing which prompted one long-time observer of Congressional affairs to say the other day, "If I were casting for *High Noon* from among the men in Congress, I would give Mike the role of the decent citizen who was all for law and order, but urged everyone to refrain from being deputized and to stay safely in their homes when the three desperadoes came to town to shoot the marshal's ass off."

The default of leadership on Mansfield's part is not, however, the most unusual thing about his career—defaulted leadership is rather common in Washington. The really remarkable thing is that, without casting a shadow of any size at all, Mansfield has nevertheless managed to overshadow the other Senator from Montana—Lee Metcalf, who not only has a lot more political magnetism than Mansfield ever dreamed of having, but is in fact a very worthy offshoot of that unique middle-class radicalism that crops up so often in the Upper Midwest-Upper Rocky Mountain states and that has produced George Norris, Floyd Olson, Burton Wheeler, Robert La Follette, Elmer Benson, Willaim Langer and R. F. Pettigrew.

And yet, if Metcalf quits the Senate next year, as he now seriously thinks of doing, his departure will probably not get more than a couple of paragraphs in *The Washington Post* or *The New York Times*—and even that amount will depend on the possibility that by leaving he might open the way for the ambitions of the glamorous ex-newscaster Chet Huntley, who allegedly itches for the Senatorial toga.

Metcalf, 60 years old, is a big man, built like a lumberjack. He is tough and has a quick temper that he has sometimes released through his fists. He can be as stubborn as he is aggressive. Last year the Senate passed the horrendous District of Columbia Crime Bill—a law allowing the courts the unconstitutional privilege of holding people without bail for merely being suspected as *potential* troublemakers, and giving cops the privilege of breaking down doors without knocking and without a warrant. The vote on it was eighty to one, and Metcalf

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was the one. (Even Sen. Sam Ervin of North Carolina, the most vocal opponent of the above features of the bill, voted for it.)

Metcalf is one of the few Senators outside the South who has studied the rules under which the Senate operates and is capable of using these rules to ram through controversial legislation without a scratch. This he did last year when floor-managing the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1970; to prevent the Congressional reform legislation from having to be sent to conference committee, whence it might never have emerged, Metcalf had to get the House version through the Senate without a significant word being changed. That was some task.

And, of course, if Metcalf is known for anything, he is famous—as were Norris and Wheeler before him—for his fight to give the people more control over the electric power industry. He is Congress' *only* militant opponent of the multibillion-dollar power industry, which Metcalf describes as the richest and largest (the 212 top power companies hold about one-eighth of the total industrial investment) and most dangerous monopoly in the nation today. He is the only member of Congress who regularly uncovers the seedy side of the power industry; its spending more on advertising than on research for cleaner power production; its interlocking relationships with banks, oil, gas and coal companies. He is certainly the only person in Congress I know of who quite openly advocates socializing the key elements of the power industry.

Now he is attempting to set up a special Senate subcommittee to investigate economic concentrations. Nothing like this has been attempted in the Senate since the late 1930s. With luck—Metcalf is now trying to soft-soap the barons of the Senate into giving him enough money to get started—he may have the investigation rolling by next year, but whether the momentum will continue if he quits the Senate is another matter.

Says Metcalf: "The 200 largest industrial corporations control more than 60 per cent of the total assets held by all manufacturing corporations. This is acknowledged by the Federal Trade Commission. But who owns the corporations? We want to get into the question of ownership. We can't, at the present time, find out who owns most of the stock of the big companies because it's owned in the name of board members on the New York Stock Exchange. And they won't tell us. We'll have to get them to come in, and then we'll ask them, and they'll refuse to tell us. And then we'll put in an amendment to the SEC bill or something to make them give us this information. It's a long process, but you have to lay the groundwork to show the need."

With Metcalf involved in issues as basic as these—and I haven't even mentioned his role in conservation, where he has been one of the leaders—one might have expected to see more press coverage of what he has been up to; but Metcalf seldom gets interviewed by the Washington press corps. Partly this is because he doesn't like his name to appear in the papers; and partly—I would guess—it is because he is so candid as to make Washington newsmen, who are used to political fudgers, feel uneasy. He is not candid in an abusive way; but a melancholy honesty runs through his conversation, and when one tunes in at that level it seems plain enough that Metcalf considers important elements of the capitalist system to be antiquated, looks upon many of his Congressional colleagues as pretty wishy-washy on the gut issues, and considers the standard politicians, Mansfield among them, to be old women.

Anyone who thinks along those lines must deserve our closer attention before he gets away—he deserves it for his own sake and also as a clue to the lingering question, why that section of the country has turned out so much grass-roots radicalism (in which regard one must also remember Jeannette Rankin, who cast the only vote in Congress against entering World War I, and returned to Congress just in time to vote against entering World War II).

Metcalf had a gorgeous life when he was growing up. He worked a 300-acre farm, but it was more hobby than necessity; his father was a cashier in the town bank and earned $250 a month, which was good money in those days. Metcalf developed into a first-string tackle and end as a freshman at the University of Montana, before transferring in his sophomore year to Stanford University, where he probably would have had a grid career under Pop Warner if he hadn't ruined a knee. He was also for some time a promising quarter-miler and half-miler, and could stay within 30 or 40 yards of Ben Eastman's record-breaking pace.

After earning a B.A. in economics and history at Stanford and a law degree from the University of Montana, Metcalf was elected to the Montana state legislature. Up to that point he had been, if anything, ideologically a conservative. He had had enough comforts to keep his mind empty, and his best friends were the men who today run corporate life in Montana (and who, incidentally, will now hardly speak to him).

But when he went into politics and was confronted with problems, he quickly turned for his solutions toward what was, for that time, the radical position.

"It wasn't that I tried to become that way," he says. "But every time I met the issues on a logical, reasonable and rational basis, I found myself voting with the workingman, and all at once I was in trouble with the business community. In those days we were talking about portal-to-portal pay, and a minimum wage of 30¢ an hour. Believe it or not, I introduced a bill to establish a 30¢ minimum wage in Montana and it failed.

"The Montana Power Company wasn't so important in those days. Today Montana Power Company calls the signals in the state legislature, and you are either under the control of the power company or you aren't. In the legislature, it frankly gets down to that. The Montana Power Company calls the signals. It says, 'We'll give you one-half of 1 per cent in unemployment compensation and no more,' that sort of thing.

"But when I was in the legislature, the big power in the state was Anaconda Copper Company. Mining was our biggest industry. I introduced a bill that was antagonistic to Anaconda. It was for what we called collar-to-collar pay. We wanted to force them to pay the miner from the time he went down into the mine to when he came back. It was a common practice in those days for the company to leave the miners sitting around for an

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hour or more at the bottom of the mine, after their shift was over, while the ore was brought up first. And they weren't paid for it."

The next step in Metcalf's education as a radical came when he was elected assistant attorney general.

"In those days they didn't even have a man assigned as a special attorney general for the Railroad and Public Service Commission, the outfit that set the rates. Defending the public interest in rate cases was just one of my many jobs. I also represented the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the auditor's office, the Fish and Game Commission, and the Department of Agriculture.

"So I would carry my briefcase into the rate hearing as one of my many extracurricular duties, and there would be a whole retinue of attorneys for the private power industry. Some of them had been my instructors at law school, and I had only been out of school a couple of years. I resented the idea that the people's representative was so thoroughly overwhelmed."

During World War II, Metcalf spent five years as an anti-tank fighter, first as an enlisted man (rising as high as corporal before being busted for knocking the staff sergeant down a staircase) and then as an officer, landing at Normandy forty-eight hours after D-day, when only 1,000 yards of beach had been secured, and spending the next year in constant contact with the enemy. "I disliked the Army," he says, "every day I was in it."

When he came home and ran for judge, he further strengthened his ties with labor, largely because of the assistance of William Anthony (Tony) Boyle, who was then district representative for the United Mine Workers in Montana. There were a lot of coal miners in the state. That was before the railroads went to diesel and before homeowners began to heat with gas.

"Tony Boyle and I went around to nearly every mine worker's community," says Metcalf. "He *really* helped me. Tony, so far as I was concerned in those days, was a terrific individual. A militant, aggressive liberal, and I was certainly delighted to have his support. I hardly ever see Tony any more. I'm still grateful to him for his help when I needed it badly. I just don't know about the charges against him now." (That is, the grand jury charges that he tinkered with union funds to support political campaigns.)

I reminded Metcalf that as recently as 1968 he had said in a Senate speech that Boyle "is a man who bridles at injustice and arouses the indifferent to action"; that he had said further, "There are many workers in my state, and in other states, who can testify personally to the fact that Tony Boyle helps an individual who has been hurt, or is down on his luck, and will do all that he possibly can to help a deserving family." Does he still feel that way about the somewhat tainted mine chief?

"Yes," he said, "I'll still go along with that. I think that's a good description of Tony Boyle."

Metcalf got to the House of Representatives in 1953. He is remembered on that side of Congress for two things: he helped organize and was the first chairman of the Democratic Study Group, a band of liberal tacticians; and he took the lead in trying to reduce the amount of thievery lumber companies commit on federal forest lands. He also tried to cut down on the destructive exploitation of federal grazing lands by the cattle barons.

In 1954 he successfully led the demolition of the Ellsworth Timber Exchange bill, advocated by the big lumber interests, that would have swapped forested public lands for cutover private lands. It was a remarkable victory for a freshman Congressman. Today he's pushing a bill that would force the government to charge reasonable (instead of giveaway) prices for letting cattle and sheep destroy the Western public ranges. This sort of fight has not endeared him to many of the people who run Montana, where half the land is federal domain. He was co-author with Hubert Humphrey of the first wilderness bill. Humphrey introduced it and was never seen again; Metcalf worked for it.

In 1960, Metcalf was elected to the Senate, when he succeeded James Murray, who had become so senile as to be obviously incompetent, but who resented Metcalf's filing for the race before he had actually withdrawn. In the more than ten years since then, he has made little effort to parlay seniority. He has bounced around among several committees, made restless by the inertia he found everywhere. He was on the Senate Finance Committee and quit four years ago because he felt that no member had power or could have power under Chairman Long.

Like former Sens. Joseph Clark and Eugene McCarthy, Metcalf has become sufficiently cynical about the operation of the federal government to develop one of the more biting wits in the Senate. This is his vision of the Railpax manipulations:

> I believe members of Congress and the public should be aware of the concerted and expensive lobbying campaign that has been launched by major conglomerate corporations. The program is called ASTRO. Its goal—a multimillion-dollar subsidy during the seventies.
>
> ASTRO derives from America's Sound Transportation Review Organization, which was created by the Association of American Railroads. The acronym, ASTRO, conjures up visions of space-age transportation and astronauts such as Wally Schirra, who along with our former colleague, George Smathers, is one of the main ASTRO spokesmen. The name evokes memories of the astrodomes on passenger trains such as the North Coast Limited, that great train now to be abandoned if the Railpax decision is not reversed, a decision reached despite management's prior solemn assurance that the Limited and its companion Mainstreeter would be continued "until the public abandons them."
>
> A number of the ASTRO corporations are conglomerates in which transportation is secondary or tertiary to real estate, lumber, mining or other lucrative business, none of which is described in ASTRO materials. So, I should begin a report on this massively deceptive *lobbying campaign by renaming it properly*—"CASTRO," Conglomerate America's Slick Transportation Rip-Off.

And on he went, devastatingly, the first man in Congress to document, item by item, the railroad industry's programmed looting of the federal treasury, beginning with ASTRO's No. 1 proposal: "The federal government should exempt rail transportation from state and local property taxation and reimburse the states for the revenue loss."

(In opposing Railpax—now known as Amtrak—Mansfield has also performed well, as any politician must who

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comes from a state which, if the plan goes through, will have rail service to none of its population, political or economic centers.)

Recognizing the delicate and sensitive condition of Mansfield's opinion of himself as a foreign affairs expert, Metcalf has kept his mouth shut in the Senate about Vietnam and about most other foreign affairs. But since 1967 he has been opposed to the war and has been speaking against it on campuses. He claims, "I feel just as strongly against the military, and against the war, and against this goddamned bureaucracy as George McGovern does." He has advocated freeing what he calls the "prisoners of war in this country"—the men with the occupational handicap of a less than honorable discharge.

After World War II, when national defense was based on piston-driven airplanes, Metcalf "went along with that stuff" about needing bases around the world. But "today we have a whole new weapons system. You can't drive 20 miles through northern Montana without seeing some of those Minuteman installations. Now they want to put ABMs there. I voted against the ABM. Why should I vote to make the people of my state the first and primary target? We don't need the bases any more. I think we should get the hell out of Germany, get the hell out of Japan. I'm not afraid of Russia. I'm not afraid of dominoes. If somebody overruns the Philippines, I don't think we'll have to have machine-gun emplacements against the enemy in San Francisco."

That's nice, firm talk, but I recalled that Mansfield is also a good talker, so I asked Metcalf if he had a chance to talk that way to Nixon every Tuesday, would he do so? He replied (in tones that made me think momentarily that I was about to become the recipient of one of Metcalf's legendary haymakers), "You're goddamned right I would. If I were going to the White House every Tuesday, I'd tell Nixon every Tuesday that we've got to get the hell out of Vietnam. I'd say it every day to the President, if I could go to the White House every day."

When you talk with Metcalf about his battles with the electric power industry, the conversation goes like this:

Q. Why do the politicians and bureaucrats just sit and watch while these bandits carry off the loot?

Metcalf. The utilities, as you know, are supposedly controlled by both federal and state regulatory agencies. The Federal Power Commission has only about 5 per cent of the total amount of electricity under its control. The rest is controlled by state commissions. These state commissions have many other jobs. They regulate railroads, trucks, intrastate commerce. Some of them have control over elevators, weighing stations. They have too many jobs to do.

Q. Do they really try to regulate the electric power companies?

Metcalf. Many don't even try. Minnesota and South Dakota do not regulate gas and electric utilities. Texas does not regulate electric and telephone companies.

Q. How many of the fifty states would you say really do a conscientious job of trying to regulate utilities?

Metcalf. Three or four.

Q. Well, the politicians could change that if they wanted to. They could establish tougher regulatory commissions and give them the power and money to enforce the laws to help consumers. Why don't they?

Sen. Lee Metcalf

Metcalf. The utilities have a unique control of the political system in most of the states. There's a representative of the utilities in every town and every community, and he is one of the most important men in that community. He's highly paid, has a good education, and participates in the United Fund and Knife and Fork Clubs, etc. He goes to all service clubs, he's head of the Campfire Girls, that sort of thing. If he's a Catholic he's a head of Catholic organizations; if he's a Protestant, he's a Mason. This man is the local agent who works against a politician who opposes the utilities. He says, "That politician is against business."

Q. Have you had a lot of money thrown against you?

Metcalf. Oh, absolutely. It's been very difficult. I never get a Mansfield-type campaign. I don't have any campaigns when I can do nothing but talk about being in three branches of the service, and about how Maurine was my childhood sweetheart and how she put me through college. [References to Mansfield's standard line.] Every time I go into a campaign, it's rough, it's mean, it's vicious. Mansfield and I vote pretty close together, but I am a dangerous radical and Mansfield is a fine, conservative fellow.

Mansfield just coasts through his campaigns, but they keep talking about my association with Communists in the 1930s. When I was in the state legislature, I helped organize a thing called the Council for Political Action. They keep bringing up the fact that some of the people in my group were convicted of being Communists. I re-

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member a couple of men named Mason. One became president and one became secretary of the Butte Miners Union. The Butte Miners Union was at that time the basis for all liberal activities in Montana. The Masons were real helpful. Any time you organized a movement for any liberal cause—whether it was to change the unemployment compensation act or the liquor control act—the first thing you did was go to the Butte Miners Union. They had a little money and a lot of people. After that you had the labor and farmer organizations behind you. I was associated with the Masons and worked with them. They were Communists. And some people in Montana are still talking about my association with them. They bring it up when I campaign.

Q. Has it been difficult to raise money?

Metcalf. Yes, it's been very difficult for me to raise money. Of course it always is difficult for a person in my position to raise money. But it's also difficult to answer the kind of money that these people have to put into a campaign against me.

Q. Do you know of other states where the utilities have poured in scads of dough to whip somebody?

Metcalf. Yes, I think so. In North Dakota they pour a great deal of money in to beat such a Senator as Burdick. In South Dakota, McGovern. I know what Idaho Power and Utah Power have done to Ted Moss. I'm not saying they are violating the Corrupt Practices Act, but they find ways, legitimate ways, to raise a substantial sum of money, big money, to get billboards and advertising.

Q. Take a state like Montana—how much would they be willing to raise of the total to oppose you?

Metcalf. I'm able to raise about $75,000 for my campaigns. The utilities themselves will raise more than $100,000 for their candidate. Then there's the Republican committee, on top of whatever the utilities raise. So it's a problem to take on the utilities, and many Senators and many Congressmen feel they can't do that on top of their other problems.

Q. Do you ever get any support in your fight with the utilities?

Metcalf. I get a little. The other day I put in an amendment I thought would stop some of the power company activities on the housing bill, and I got very little support even from some of the best and most respected liberals in the Congress. It's very difficult, *very* difficult to get Congressmen, Senators to oppose the power companies.

Q. Well, you've given at least a partial explanation of why that's true in the less populated areas of the country—the men who run these things are important men in their communities and serve, as you said, as agents of the industry in their communities. But let me pick at you and say that that doesn't really explain it to me. I've read your material and you seem so militant on all this and always militantly right, so far as I'm concerned, and I'm shocked that you don't see a corruption of the liberals you're talking about.

Metcalf. Yes, I do see a corruption. I'm not talking about a corruption that's a violation of the law, but about a corruption that is something inherently wrong in the whole political and economic process—which I try to point out from time to time.

Q. In the last couple of years the private power industry has increased its rates by a couple of billion dollars, annually. Do you know if they have plans to keep on increasing them?

Metcalf. Under our quaint procedures for utility regulation, no commission, state or federal, even keeps track of the pending utility rate increase requests around the nation. The President's Council of Economic Advisers complains about inflationary trends, but you don't hear a word from it about proposed utility rate increases. It doesn't try to keep track of them. Neither do any of the university economists or foundations. Neither does the press. The Senate Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations writes to the fifty states periodically and tries to find out.

Q. Since there's no central clearing house for this kind of information, the rate increases—nationally—just sneak up on us. But surely there must be some stiff opposition at the rate hearings.

Metcalf. It's hardly even a fight. The power companies get all the high-priced lawyers they want, and add them to our utility bills. The consumer pays for their lawyers. Not only that, but the consumer also pays for their rate analysts, their tax analysts, for all the economists and experts—the whole retinue that sits over there on the utility side at the rate hearings. And we have no one, skilled or experienced or trained, to appear on behalf of the consumer. Just nobody even trained or hired. I have authored a bill that provides for a utility/consumer council to represent the consumer in rate hearings and other hearings before the Federal Power Commission or before state regulatory agencies.

Q. Do you see any, let's say, unconscious conspiracy in the fact that colleges are not turning out this type of consultant for consumers?

Metcalf. There just isn't any way for colleges to train people. The only way for people to be trained, unless we give them federal grants for special programs, is to go to work for a utility. That's the only way you can be trained to be a utility lawyer, etc., as things stand.

Q. If the utilities are the biggest industry in the country, surely they have enough money to develop fast techniques for solving the power crisis.

Metcalf. They have the money, all right, but they won't spend it on that. They would rather buy full-page ads telling what good service they give, and how we can do without municipal utilities, and about what great patriots they are. One-fourth of the largest companies did not spend one penny—not one penny—according to their own records, no, not one penny on research and development in 1968.

After 1972, Montana and the nation may not have anybody in Congress who will talk that way because, says Metcalf, "I want to go home; I really want to go home. For thirty years, except for the war, I have been running for public office in difficult, complex and involved political activities. And I think thirty years is long enough for a guy. I could live in Montana and not have to smell this stinking air."

As I said earlier, if he does indeed quit, his replacement just might be Chet Huntley, who moved to Mon-

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tana and, with a pack of wealthy men and corporations, set about to establish a posh $20-million year-round resort called Big Sky of Montana, Inc. Other backers include the Montana Power Co., Burlington Northern, Northwest Orient Airlines, Continental Oil Co., Meridian Co. of Georgia, and the Retirement and Pension Fund of General Electric. The promoters are trying to cadge some federal land for the development, which is meeting some opposition. Conservationists also fear that, with 10,000 or so resorters tramping through that restricted area of Montana, the wildlife will have had it.

Huntley, in his usual way, says of these critics that they must "dislike the profit system," which some Montanans have interpreted as a faintly McCarthyesque remark. On another occasion Huntley said sarcastically, "The ecologists are worth listening to, but project [Big Sky] opponents continue to sound off by writing and speaking overtime. One of these days these people will have something to tell us," but, he clearly implied, not yet.

Huntley, who once crossed a picket line at NBC, has thrown in now with an anti-union outfit. J. David Penwell, general counsel for Big Sky (Huntley is chairman of the board), appeared before the Montana legislature to oppose a state minimum wage for seasonal workers.

There is a strong, and growing, organized labor force in Montana, and this kind of activity is sufficiently offensive to assure Huntley's defeat if his acknowledged political ambitions send him against Metcalf. But if Metcalf quits, then Huntley might somehow slip into the Senate, especially if he should jump parties to make the race. If that happened Montana would surely have one of the greatest flannel-mouthed political teams in Washington, one that could revive the old glories of NBC's nightly newscast. Goodnight Chet. Goodnight Mike. □

THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL

'This Worn-Out Piece of Tyranny'

JON R. WALTZ

Mr. Waltz is a professor of law at Northwestern University. His books include The Trial of Jack Ruby *(Macmillan),* Principles of Evidence and Proof *(Foundation Press), and the recently published* Medical Jurisprudence *(Macmillan). He is a frequent consultant to the United States Commission on Civil Rights.*

A democracy, I have pointed out elsewhere, can always be distinguished from a dictatorship by the way it treats political protesters. "Dissenters in tyrannical states are unceremoniously shot or imprisoned; in democracies they are charged with conspiracy first." We see it in America.

Again and again national administrations have fallen back on the doctrine of criminal conspiracy to silence those whose only crime has been the vigorous and too eloquent denunciation of some vulnerable governmental policy. A proof of the impoverishment of Lyndon Johnson's war policies is that his administration was moved, as one of its last acts, to charge five men—a renowned baby doctor, the chaplain of Yale University, a young Harvard Ph.D. candidate, a teacher-novelist, and a recent graduate of the University of Chicago's Law School—with conspiring to "unlawfully, willfully and knowingly hinder and interfere . . . with the administration of [the Selective Service Act]" by talking impressively. Preconditioned by J. Edgar Hoover's personal and premature verdict, a puzzled nation now awaits the conspiracy trial at Harrisburg, Pa., of what *Time* has described as "a ragtag band of radical pacifists, many of them Roman Catholics, some priests and nuns, a physics professor and a Moslem from Pakistan." And we have barely stopped reeling from the farce that dropped the curtain on the sixties—the Chicago riot conspiracy trial. Our officials seem never to learn. So it is time once again to assess the demerits of the American concept of criminal conspiracy as it is being implemented in political trials.

The conspiracy principle originated in a narrow English statute that was aimed at correcting abuses of criminal processes; over the centuries it has been expanded into a device both broad and flexible for thwarting assaults on the Establishment. Few need reminding—indeed, the reference becomes tedious—that the first expansion was accomplished by the Court of Star Chamber. The elasticity of the conspiracy doctrine has made it the "darling of the modern prosecutor's nursery," to borrow Judge Learned Hand's famous observation.

The conspiracy concept is almost unarguably legitimate in situations where the combination of united wills to do an evil deed poses a greater public danger than the criminal schemes of a solitary individual. A closely related but subsidiary consideration may be that it is harder to combat group schemes. It has thus generally been thought that the rightful role of the conspiracy concept was as a weapon against organized, professional crime of the sort supposedly engaged in by the Mafia, the Syndicate and other shadowy enterprises.

It is another thing when the conspiracy principle is employed in true political cases, that is, in situations where two or more people have banded together to engage not in traditionally interdicted "hard" crimes (murder and assorted mayhem) but rather to advocate acts that the state has outlawed (overthrow the government, resist the draft, march on the Democratic National Convention). Use of the conspiracy concept to jail political dissidents and to frighten their followers has been condemned almost everywhere except in the U.S. Department of Justice. For the very reason that "Effective advocacy . . . is undeniably enhanced by group association," the Supreme

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Court has gone so far as to say that "freedom to engage in association for the advancement of beliefs and ideas is an inseparable aspect of . . . 'liberty.'"

Admittedly, not all forms of expression and not all forms of association are immune from regulation. However, as a student editor of the *Yale Law Journal* recently discerned, "As a form of regulation, conspiracy law is extremely broad, and conspiracy trials are striking for their chaotic procedures which favor the prosecution's case." This is an accurate perception. As every prosecutor knows (I knew it when I was one), the accused in a conspiracy case suffer from gross procedural disadvantages not encountered in other types of cases.

A reasonably complete catalogue of the conspiracy concept's eccentricities ought to induce all prosecutors and courts to exercise an informed discretion in its use, particularly in cases heavily invested with First Amendment considerations. Of course, it will not. Prosecutors and judges who want blood as much as justice will ignore any such compilation, as they have done in both the distant and the recent past. Thus observers of the trial of Berrigan et al. in Harrisburg will soon learn that those defendants have been chosen to suffer every disadvantage that I am about to list. What appears below is a serviceable if condensed and incomplete inventory.

(*1*) The conspiracy concept, as Justice Robert H. Jackson lamented, "is so vague that it almost defies definition." It is similar to a criminal attempt, but the "overt acts" essential to a conspiracy charge need not rise to the level of an attempt to perform a criminal act; they may in fact be innocuous. Although the crux of the offense is illicit agreement, no formal compact need be shown, and the alleged co-conspirators can be total strangers. (In the Chicago 7 case it was necessary, just prior to trial, to introduce defendant Bobby G. Seale to his co-defendants.) Although in political advocacy cases the prosecution must establish that the accused harbored a specific intent to engage in an illegal undertaking, it is permitted to make its proofs in ways that compromise significantly with First Amendment principles. As Chief Judge Aldrich outlined in *Spock*, a conspiracy defendant's specific intent can

> be shown in one of three ways: by the individual defendant's prior or subsequent unambiguous statements; by the individual defendant's subsequent commission of the very illegal act contemplated by the agreement; or by the individual defendant's subsequent legal act if that act is "clearly undertaken for the specific purpose of rendering effective the later illegal activity which is advocated."

How unsatisfactory these approaches are can be seen in Judge Coffin's detailed partial dissent in *Spock*, in which he admitted, but did not succumb to, a temptation "to say that the law should recognize no overt conspiracy in the sensitive area of public opinion."

Finally, the conspiracy concept, as I shall explain later on, has worked a significant watering down of evidentiary and procedural rules. It is fair to suggest, in short, that there is at work in the law of conspiracy a variation of architect Mies van der Rohe's dictum, "Less is more."

(*2*) Those who participate in a conspiracy in any degree are equally culpable regardless of when they signed on. As one ecology-minded court has said, "It is immaterial when any of the parties entered the polluted stream. From the moment . . . [they] entered . . . [each was] as *much contaminated . . . as though an original conspirator.*" In some jurisdictions, notably California, the latecomer may even be bound by incriminatory revelations made by other co-conspirators long prior to his own entry into the agreement.

(*3*) The prosecution in a conspiracy case is uniquely capable of selecting as the site of trial that community in which the populace is most likely to yield up jurors biased against the defendants. This advantage stems from the principle of venue, or proper trial forum, and its relationship to conduct alleged to have been in furtherance of the claimed conspiracy. Twentieth-century political movements often have numerous members, each with numerous and different tasks. Accordingly, political conspiracy cases are frequently characterized by numerous and far-flung overt acts in furtherance of the asserted agreement. At English common law, from which our conspiracy law is drawn, venue could be laid in any county where the asserted agreement was formed or in any county where any overt act had been committed. That is substantially the state of the law today. It permits prosecutors to canvass the locales in which chargeable overt acts occurred and to select, as the place of trial, the one in which the citizenry's antipathy toward persons of the defendants' stripe is most evident. In other words, there is probably nothing haphazard about the fact that Father Philip Berrigan and his co-defendants are to be tried in Harrisburg, rather than in Danbury, Conn., Baltimore, Md., or the District of Columbia.

There is high irony in the manipulability of the venue concept since it began life as a constitutional guaranty of impartial jury trial. In conspiracy cases the guaranty, as Justice Jackson remarked, "is reduced to a phantom, for the crime is considered so vagrant as to have been committed in any district where any one of the conspirators did any one of the acts, however innocent, intended to accomplish its object."

(*4*) Conspiracy law permits the gambit of naming, but not formally indicting, any number of co-conspirators. An obvious purpose of this maneuver may be to induce tractable small fry to testify for the prosecution in exchange for immunity from indictment. More subtly, it provides a means for intimidating large numbers of political dissidents without putting the state either to the expense or the possible embarrassment of attempting to prove a case against all of them. More subtly still (some might say diabolically), this mechanism lets the prosecution level the most extravagant charges against a person while foreclosing him from any opportunity to defend himself in court. There thus may be neither coincidence nor prosecutorial favor in the circumstance that the Harrisburg conspiracy has more named but unindicted co-conspirators, including Father Daniel Berrigan, than it has defendants.

(*5*) The law allows prosecutors to lodge conspiracy charges against defendants who, because they actually put their plan into motion, have been indicted for the very crime they allegedly schemed to commit. This multi-complication of charges, most recently observed in the Camp McCoy, Wis., telephone exchange bombing case (the three accused were variously charged with "conspiring to

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damage government property by using a destructive device"; damaging government property; using a destructive device; and possessing an unregistered destructive device), provides prosecutors with extraordinary plea-bargaining leverage. The accused, fearful of conviction on multiple counts, may be panicked into pleading guilty to one or more quite shaky counts in exchange for the dismissal of others. Obviously, cumulating of criminal counts can also be used to compound Draconian penalties.

The potential for abuse is most sharply exemplified when the law makes the "hard" offense—disorderly conduct, for example—a simple misdemeanor and conspiracy a serious felony. The defendant who has been convicted of feloniously conspiring to commit a misdemeanor is likely to be overheard invoking selected passages from *Alice in Wonderland*. Nevertheless, the reality of this possibility was demonstrated in those civil rights and anti-war activities of the late sixties that generated only assorted misdemeanors but which were accompanied by vociferous public demands, occasionally heeded, for wholesale conspiracy indictments.

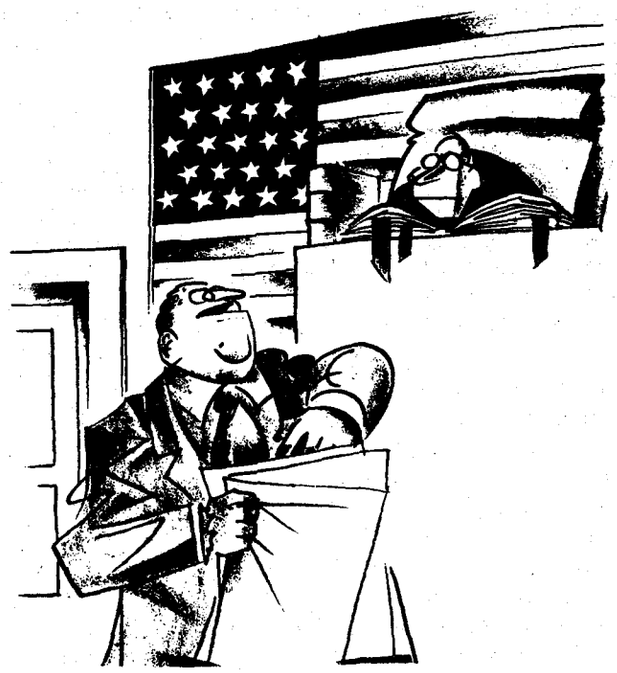
(6) The conspiracy concept permits the prosecution to herd a group of defendants into the same courtroom for trial. These mass trials produce for the defense disadvantages small and large. For a small example, there is the loss of challenges to prospective jurors. Most jurisdictions confer on each side a set number of peremptory challenges to prospective jurors, which are used to excuse those who are not statutorily disqualified from service but who nonetheless make counsel uneasy; but in a mass trial the defendants may be required to share the number of challenges which are ordinarily allotted to a solitary defendant.

For a larger example, there is the circumstance that mass trials make for mass confusion. Each defendant, with discrete interests to be protected, is likely to have his own lawyer, one or more; this may so pack the courtroom that the jurors need seating charts. It is not uncommon in such trials for the judge to have difficulty remembering the names of the accused and their lawyers and matching them correctly. (The celebrated confusion of Judge Julius J. Hoffman in the Chicago 7 case will come to mind, but his lapses regarding the identity, especially of defense attorney Leonard Weinglass, may have been calculated). If an experienced trial judge cannot keep the *dramatis personae* straight, then a jury cannot very well be expected to do so.

The attendant risks are not trivial. In a mass trial, the legal posture of each accused may differ markedly from that of his co-defendants; each accused, as I have said, will probably have his own lawyer; each lawyer will find it necessary to make separate and unique efforts on behalf of his client, by way of objections to evidence and of cross-examinations aimed at impeaching the testimony of adverse witnesses. In long mass conspiracy trials the jurors cannot reasonably be expected to remember which lawyer successfully objected to what evidence and effectively impeached which witnesses. And even if they remember that much, they still must figure out which defendant was thereby benefited. There is a serious risk that jurors, confronted with so complex a conundrum, will abdicate their fact-finding role out of sheer frustration and assume that all the evidence, whether damning or absolving, related to all the defendants.

The herding process and the mass confusion to which the conspiracy concept lends itself may produce additional dangers. The very grouping of the defendants and their lawyers, who in political cases may even manifest surface similarities in speech and dress, can give rise to a presumption of antecedent conspiratorial association. It is the conclusion of a careful study in the *Harvard Law Review* that a jury may "infer an association among the defendants merely from the fact that they are being tried together." Everyone, in other words, knows how birds of a feather flock, but official encouragement of this sort of throwback to the principle of guilt by association—and enforced association at that—sells the presumption of innocence much too cheaply.

(7) The conspiracy concept has given birth to grotesque evidentiary anomalies, the best known and most important of them being the co-conspirator exception to the rule against hearsay evidence. This exception to the general proposition that hearsay is less reliable than other evidence, mainly because it is not subject to testing by cross-examination, functions as follows: any testimony as to almost any relevant out-of-court act or declaration by a conspirator, done or made in furtherance of the conspiracy and during its pendency, is admissible against every co-conspirator despite its hearsay characteristics, provided that a foundation for its admission is laid by independent proof of the conspiracy's existence. This formulation, grounded on the imperfect fiction that conspirators are partners in crime and have authorized one another to speak for the partnership, might seem to require that the prosecution first establish the existence of the unlawful agreement by independent evidence. The jurors could then consider the hearsay of co-conspirators solely to determine which of the named defendants actually participated



Renault, Open Forum

"As Proof of Conspiracy, Your Honor, the Government Points to the Fact that All Six Defendants Pleaded Not Guilty!"

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in the conspiracy. Anyone concluding that the putting in of evidence in conspiracy cases follows so fair and logical a sequence reckons without the ingenuity of many prosecutors and judges.

Perversely, the co-conspirator exception has been applied so as to let the prosecution try its case backward. Courts, modifying the logical order of proof, receive hearsay evidence "provisionally." This procedure permits the prosecution to introduce into evidence hearsay declarations made by any asserted co-conspirator before it has shown that the declarant and the other named conspirators were involved in the agreement charged to them. The jury, typically, is instructed to apply this hearsay only against the particular declarant until such time as it has been independently demonstrated that the defendants and the declarant in fact conspired together. Probably, as Judge Hand suggested in *United States* v. *Dennis,* "it is a practical impossibility for laymen . . . to keep their minds in the isolated compartments" that this reverse sequence demands. Lay jurors are likely to succumb to the prosecution's artful confusion and treat the hearsay as evidence of the conspiracy, which is precisely what the law, at a theoretical level, says they are not to do.

The practice of tying a conspiracy count to the "hard" count for the actual consummation of the allegedly planned offense poses one evidentiary question that may be resolved during appeals from the Chicago 7 convictions: if the conspiracy counts fail, as they did in that preposterous litigation, can the "hard" counts stand where damaging evidence came in under the co-conspirator exception to the hearsay rule? Lurking within this inquiry, of course, is the more fundamental question whether unsupportable conspiracy charges are being inserted in multiple-count indictments to serve as vehicles for the introduction of otherwise inadmissible and powerfully prejudicial hearsay.

Having in mind these major inequities, I am much inclined, as a man of law, to side with Clarence Darrow's assessment of our use of the conspiracy concept in political cases. Darrow, in another wicked time, said, "It is a serious reflection on America that this worn-out piece of tyranny . . . should find a home in our country." □

PEACE CORPS

AGENTS OF THE NEW EMPIRE

MARSHALL WINDMILLER
Mr. Windmiller, professor of international relations at San Francisco State College, is the author of The Peace Corps and Pax Americana *(Public Affairs Press).*

On March 24 President Nixon sent to Congress a message proposing the merger of the Peace Corps, VISTA and other government volunteer agencies. Unless Congress vetoes the plan within sixty working days from that date, it will go into effect, and an idea which mobilized the idealism of thousands of young Americans during the Kennedy Presidency will have been replaced by something more in accord with the Nixon-Agnew world view. That is, volunteer service may become big business.

The Peace Corps was conceived in 1960 as an election campaign gimmick. It was sold to conservatives as anti-communism and to liberals as altruism. Since then, it has evolved into a public relations device to give legitimacy to American economic, political and military expansionism. Unfortunately, it is still a gimmick, and while its cost is not high as gimmicks go (Apollo, Vietnamization, etc.), its benefits accrue primarily to the rich, not the poor, to the volunteers, staff and consultants who run the Peace Corps more than to the countries they supposedly aid. Beyond that, the Peace Corps may be helping to create a new international class of development technicians and bureaucrats who are becoming the instruments whereby a growing number of giant multinational corporations manipulate the economies of developing nations in the service of their stockholders. The Peace Corps is an agency of empire.

The popular image of empire is heavily colored by the record of European expansionism in the late 19th century and its interpretation by Hobson and Lenin. Imperialism is seen as a sequence of exploration, investment, military intervention and annexation. The reins of empire lead back to a single nation state—there is the empire and the mother country.

But the international system is changing rapidly, and old theories of imperialism have little relevance. National sovereignty is eroding and multinationalism is growing. Not only banking and finance but also manufacturing and service industries are becoming increasingly multinational. While many lines of power and authority run directly from overseas to Washington, Wall Street and Detroit, they are often intertwined with other lines to Geneva, London, Frankfurt and Tokyo. The denationalizing of capitalism is proceeding rapidly, and a new capitalist world community may soon challenge the primacy of the nation-state system in the non-Socialist world. It may also change the character of the Socialist world, which it is already penetrating with considerable effect.

It is not surprising that Americans should become the harbingers of this new denationalized imperial system, for the missionary impulse has deep roots in American soil. Liberals want to share the benefits of American productivity with the poor of the world and advance the cause of human freedom. Conservatives want to preserve order and fight the encroachments of communism. Both are expansionist and interventionist, although at different times, for different purposes, and by different means. Each is selling a different model of a successful

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America. For the liberals it is the Tennessee Valley Authority and the American Civil Liberties Union; for the conservatives it is General Motors and the Rotary Club. But the common denominators are expansionism, profound faith in technology, and a conviction that the good life requires economic development. The passion for development and the fascination with technology among elites in developing areas complement the expansionist impulses of Americans and draw them into more and more overseas commitments.

The process is admirably illustrated by the career of David E. Lilienthal. Lilienthal was a founding director and later chairman of the TVA. He was also the first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Both positions enabled him to be at the forefront of the application of technology to economic development. They also established for him an international reputation and personal friendships in governments all over the world.

After leaving the AEC, Lilienthal decided he wanted to make some money, and so he cultivated the friendship of André Meyer, head of the New York branch of the international banking firm of Lazard Frères. Lilienthal described the firm and the beginnings of his association with it in his journal in 1950:

> Though they have a security business, they are chiefly interested in developing things—jointly with operating groups—e.g., gas in Indiana, oil in Kansas, timber in Idaho, plants in Illinois, tin in Rhodesia, copper in the Belgian Congo, and so on all over the world.
>
> What do they want of me? No one can tell. Murnane [George Murnane, co-owner of Lazard Frères and intimate of John Foster Dulles] said I was a man "whom people instinctively trust," which is one of the finest things anyone has ever said of me; to think of this as a marketable asset though, with bankers, is a new angle that makes me feel strange. . . . Meyer says he is interested in helping me develop some capital of my own. How things will develop, no one can tell.

In a diary entry the following year, Lilienthal refers to a conversation with John Foster Dulles, then a Presidential envoy charged with negotiating a peace treaty with Japan:

> He spoke of Lazard Frères with real enthusiasm. They are not ordinary bankers nor people who turn over stocks and bonds on a fraction of a point; they have real enterprise and daring, use their money, and know how to make money. . . . In fact, they know how to get the most out of their position. . . .
>
> I learned that one of the things Pierre [Pierre David-Weill, co-owner of Lazard Frères] wants of me—André too, but less so—is to bring new people into the range of Lazzard's influence and possible services in a financial sense.

Lilienthal went to work for Lazard Frères. In four years, according to *Newsweek*, "the radical New Dealer had become a millionaire on Wall Street, where his name was once a near-obscenity." The new role apparently bothered Lilienthal, for he wrote in his journal that "there is a danger I may become confused between the role of a fighter for TVA and the quite different role of a consultant to bankers. . . ."

In 1955 Lazard Frères helped Lilienthal establish the Development and Resources Corporation. The corporation, according to its brochure, "is in the private business of planning, executing and managing development programs and projects and attracting the public and private investment capital necessary for such development." D&R has participated in gigantic development projects all over the globe—Iran, Ivory Coast, India, Malaysia, Morocco and Brazil. The firm has also become one of the principal subcontractors of the Peace Corps. In fiscal 1968, as came out in hearings of the House Appropriations Subcommittee, D&R was awarded a Peace Corps contract in the amount of $1,372,592; the following year the amount was $1,369,809. The company is also held on a general retainer for regular assistance on a variety of matters.

D&R's major work for the Peace Corps is to train volunteers for overseas assignments. For this purpose, it operates a Center for Applied Technical Training in El Centro, Calif. Between 1966 and 1970 D&R had designed and conducted more than thirty pre-service training programs of approximately three months' duration, each for more than 1,000 Peace Corps volunteers. The corporation conducts evaluation studies on other Peace Corps training programs and on the actual performance of volunteers overseas.

In addition to its training role, D&R has moved into recruitment. Under the directorship of President Nixon's appointee, Joseph Blatchford, the Peace Corps is attempting to recruit older, more experienced volunteers, rather than the "A.B. generalists," the recent college graduates who have constituted the main bulk of Peace Corps manpower heretofore. Such recruitment is not easy, because experienced plumbers, agronomists, nurses, accountants and other specialists are reluctant to give up their jobs and find it difficult to maintain their families on the low allowances allotted to volunteers. In the fall of 1970 the Peace Corps wanted to supply harvester operators to the Punjab in India. D&R, which was involved in the India program, sent a man into the Midwest to comb the farm areas for volunteers—running advertisements in the papers and approaching farmers' organizations.

At the other end of the equation, D&R joins with officials of AID and the Peace Corps in advising the governments of developing areas on their overall economic planning. They work with both national and provincial governments to design programs calculated to make the best use of foreign capital and technical assistance. Blatchford has asked his country directors to work out with local leaders four-year plans for the utilization of volunteers, and D&R has supplemented this effort by advising the national governments.

I discussed all this with D&R's Director of Training, Harry Kerwin and with Alfred Mathieu, their Chief of International Training Services, in the company's offices on the Capitol Mall in Sacramento. Kerwin served fifteen years with AID and knows his away around the Washington bureaucracies and the relevant departments on college campuses. Mathieu has been with FAO. Kerwin approves of Blatchford's desire to recruit more experienced specialists, but admitted the difficulties. The main problem, he said, was that the allowances for volunteers were too low. He said that he had recently suggested

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to the Peace Corps that the readjustment allowance—the mustering-out pay given to the volunteer when he leaves the service—be raised from $150 to $250 per month. He felt that this would greatly aid recruitment.

Both men had a high opinion of the roles that volunteers play in the development process. Volunteers are trusted by villagers because they live modestly and learn the local languages. They are thus able to function as facilitators between government programs and the people, and between foreign companies and local outlets or subsidiaries. Mathieu emphasized that the volunteers must not be perceived as mercenaries, for this would destroy their unique value as agents of change. Although higher allowances may be required to recruit the necessary volunteers, that money should not be available to them while they are on the job.

It is obvious that the Peace Corps is being professionalized and blended into an incipient international poverty-industrial complex. A new profession is emerging, the professional anti-poverty fighter. It is a growing field and, although not everyone can strike it rich like David Lilienthal, there are opportunities for interesting careers and considerable upward mobility for technicians and managers.

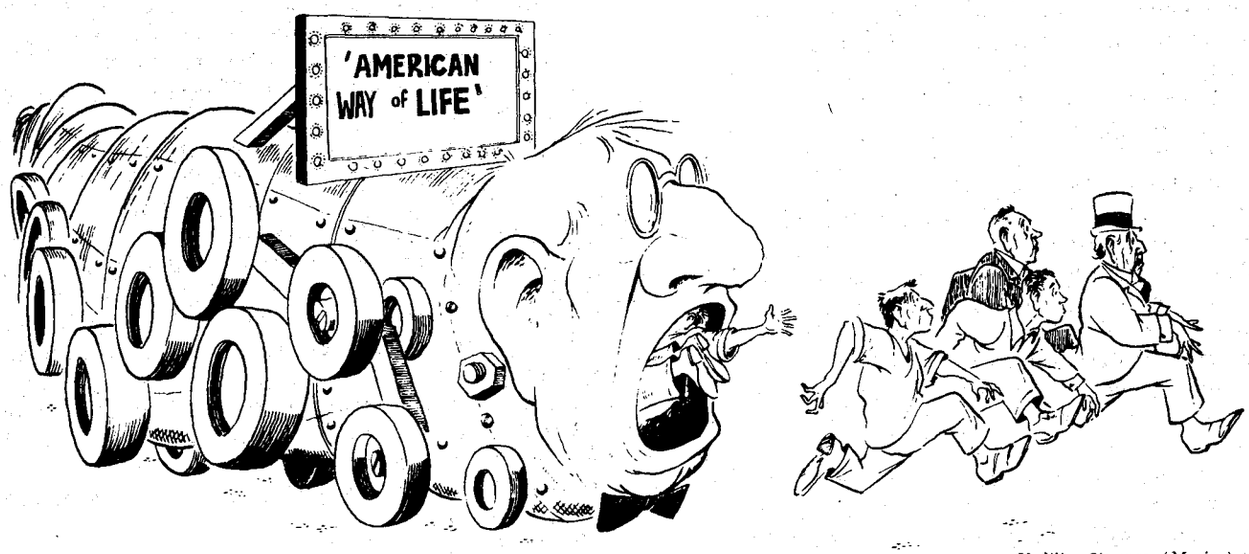
Blatchford is pushing in that direction. "So we ask ourselves," he wrote in *Foreign Affairs,* "should there be a second or perhaps even a third level of Peace Corps service? Could a successful volunteer be given additional training and sent back into the field, again living in a modest fashion but working at a higher level of sophistication with additional compensation held for him at home? Should the volunteers be supported by a cadre of university-professional level experts serving less than two years, again living modestly and with their compensation held in the United States? Particularly in the smaller countries where the Peace Corps seems to have the greatest impact, should it be allowed to give material assistance in small quantities or at least call upon funds from another grant and loan institution?"

Already patterns are emerging. Volunteers spend time in the field, then move into the bureaucracies of the Peace Corps, AID or the big corporations such as D&R or Westinghouse. Corporation executives move into the Peace Corps—men like William Inglis, former vice president of Irving Trust, who became director of administration and finance, and John Mills, formerly development manager of Monsanto's foreign investment and manufacturing division, who became director of program development. George Murphy, chairman of Irving Trust, told *The Wall Street Journal* in April 1970 that an executive's experience with the Peace Corps "will be of great value to him and to us after he returns to his banking post." The *Journal* also quoted Glenn Randall, director of Peace Corps staff recruitment, as saying that the goal was to install businessmen in about 200 of the 350 or so staff openings expected the following year.

As the blurring of the boundaries between business and government continues, the international "war on poverty" will stimulate the proliferation of development-oriented private corporations and foundations which will feed on public funds. In November 1970, Jean Heller of the Associated Press reported that at the end of fiscal 1970 the Office of Economic Opportunity was paying on 123 consulting, evaluation, technical assistance and support contracts worth $56,746,275. A quarter of these contracts were held by sixteen companies which had thirty-five OEO officials working for them. The same thing is happening with overseas economic assistance.

One of the most interesting companies is TransCentury Corp. of Washington, D.C., founded in 1967 by Warren W. Wiggins, who until then had been Deputy Director of the Peace Corps. Other Peace Corps executives joined him in the new venture, and TransCentury began doing contract work in the war on poverty from a headquarters in a Washington ghetto. It established such a good image in the black community that its offices were conspicuously avoided by the fire bombers who laid waste to the rest of the neighborhood in the riots following the murder of Martin Luther King.

TransCentury had no Peace Corps contracts while the



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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Democrats were in office, but when Blatchford took over he realized that he needed some ideas from people with Peace Corps experience. He brought Wiggins in as a consultant, and Wiggins is said to have been a major contributor to Blatchford's "New Directions" policy of emphasizing professionalism. Not long thereafter, TransCentury began getting some attractive contracts. One, for around $300,000, was the recruitment of 140 short-term specialists who would aid Peace Corps volunteers in the field when their projects required technical skills beyond their capabilities. Another was for an intensive review of Peace Corps programs in Northeast Brazil, an area that worries the United States Government as a seedbed of insurgency.

But TransCentury's most interesting Peace Corps contract is for its Transition Centers for returned volunteers. The purpose is to help them readjust to American life after overseas service, and to find "meaningful, relevant and important" jobs. Transition Centers operate in Washington and San Francisco, and provide room, board and a small stipend for returnees who choose to attend. At seminars they hear speakers ranging in variety from the Black Panthers to the John Birch Society, and are counseled about available jobs and how to apply for them. According to TransCentury's vice president, Richard Irish, most of the placements are in public-service type jobs with salaries in the $7,000 to $12,000 range.

One gets the feeling that under Blatchford the primary focus of concern is the volunteer, not the problem for which he presumably volunteered. That is the criticism made by the VISTA Alliance, a union of VISTA volunteers who oppose the President's merger proposal and are organizing support for a resolution of disapproval in the Congress. Many VISTA volunteers see the merger as a device to end the war on poverty and stifle the development of political consciousness that some volunteers are stimulating among the poor. With financial assistance from the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, the Alliance publishes a newsletter and tries to build public opinion. More than sixty national organizations have endorsed a statement saying that "the VISTA program should be preserved and maintained as an integral part of the Office of Economic Opportunity"—in other words, not merged with the Peace Corps.

The merged agencies, which Blatchford would head, are to be called the United Action Corps, or perhaps simply ACTION. The projected agency has the appearance of a new kind of WPA or CCC of New Deal days, with the provision of jobs being more important than the work done. A young person could volunteer for the Peace Corps, spend two years abroad, and then be directed by corporations like TransCentury and D&R into a variety of jobs, some of them having to do with the recruitment and training of more volunteers. Volunteerism could be encouraged as the answer to unemployment and political discontent.

The volunteers' image of unselfish service is a "marketable asset" which can be used in the United States to extract public support for foreign aid appropriations. In the villages overseas it can be used to smooth the way for the penetration of Western capital and the growth of a new kind of colonial civil service. Meanwhile, power will gravitate to the corporations because they can pay the highest salaries and will attract the most effective personnel. Acceptability will be maintained abroad by the co-optation of local elites and the provision of opportunities for foreign investors.

It is not easy to pass judgment on this process because the issues are complex. David Lilienthal summed up the problem when he said: "I try to weave my way through the very real dangers of trying to combine the objectives of a banking group and my own objectives of trying to do some building of the life of ordinary people here and there on the globe."

If one proceeds from the assumption that economic development is both good and necessary, then certain facts of life must be accepted and they include banks, bureaucrats and boondoggles. Both capital and know-how are needed for development, and to get them a price must be paid.

It may be that the price of development in the non-Communist world is the creation of a new form of empire, controlled by the rich and managed by a new international class of technical and managerial experts. Such a conclusion may be drawn from the report of President Nixon's task force on foreign aid chaired by Rudolph Peterson, former president of the Bank of America. The Peterson report proposes, among other things, an Overseas Private Investment Corporation to promote the participation of private capital and business skills in international development, and a United States International Development Council, of which the Peace Corps director would be a member. Its purpose would be to promote compatibility between development policies and trade and financial practices.

The same argument could be made for this burgeoning international poverty-industrial complex that was advanced for the space program—it can serve as an alternative to, and competitor with, the military-industrial complex. If you want to turn industry away from armaments, it was said, let it build space vehicles. The resultant space "establishment" will serve as a check on the military by applying competing pressure on Congress for funds.

It did not work out that way. The monster simply developed another head with which to feed at the public trough. There is no reason to believe it would not do the same if the funds available for an international "war on poverty" became large enough to be attractive.

The question not often discussed by the partisans of development is: who will protect the developed empire? Who will preserve law and order? Lilienthal says that public and private enterprise are "part of a seamless web." Then is a threat to Standard Oil the same as a threat to the United States? Is the nationalization of a U.S. copper company cause for sending in the Marines? Empire produces its own imperatives, and it seems likely that the military-industrial complex will come to the aid of the poverty-industrial complex, especially if their directorates should interlock.

But beyond this, it is necessary to examine the unquestioned assumption that economic development is always a good thing. Economic growth increases the rate of con-

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sumption of resources and the amount of environmental pollution. As nations develop, the pollution of the environment will increase, and the competition for raw materials will become more intense and hostile. Last September, Stanford Prof. Robert C. North told a panel of the American Political Science Association that continued increases in the rates of consumption and pollution would produce uncontrollable and worldwide catastrophe within ten or fifteen years. Similar views are expressed by biologist Paul Ehrlich and others.

If these forecasts are correct, economic development exacerbates the problem of poverty, and any program which does not attack the real issue, population control, is either irrelevant or dangerous. The sound approach would be the exact opposite of that proposed by Pope Paul. We must limit the number of guests at the table, not try to increase the banquet—at least not until we are sure that we will not irreparably damage the environment with the resultant garbage.

In this framework, the price of development is too high, whatever it is. It is especially indefensible if the development process serves primarily to create a new bureaucratic class which fattens on the public payroll, and helps to concentrate power and wealth in the directorates of a few giant multinational corporations.

Peace Corps volunteers make exceedingly modest claims as to the extent of the organization's effect on poverty overseas; most of them regard it as negligible. Many have returned disillusioned and bitter at having been used as instruments of a foreign policy, which because of the war in Vietnam, they perceive as cruel and imperialistic.

The leading organization of former volunteers is the Committee of Returned Volunteers (CRV), a loosely structured group of returnees from the Peace Corps and other overseas voluntary organizations. As of the autumn of 1970, there were nine functioning local chapters and a national membership of from 800 to 1,000.

The CRV calls for the abolition of the Peace Corps, and while its rhetoric is strident and its analyses lean too heavily on simplistic Marxism, I think that its conclusion is essentially correct. The Peace Corps is doing nothing of significance for either the poor or for peace. It is becoming the pawn of the corporations and an unnecessary drain on talent and public funds needed for more feasible purposes at home.

But beyond that I think the Peace Corps has become a breeding ground for a profound cynicism that is dangerous to our democracy. The Peace Corps is not what it has pretended to be. It is trading on a reputation for idealism which has long since left its ranks. It has become a department store Santa Claus whose function is to excite the children with promises of great gifts, and thus pressure the parents into running up large bills on their American credit cards. The developing countries cannot afford this extravagance, and neither can the United States. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 578)*

role. However, some are refusing to give up their basic human right of compassion and conscience. The dissenting dancer may not hear the applause of kings and generals, but neither will she have to bow with her backside to the people.

Virginia Storie Crawford

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: A small group of dancers on the West Coast has long been expressing our concern over the lack of moral conscience in the dance world. When we point out the intricate, entangling connections being forged between the dance and the U.S. State Department, people either avoid the issue or feel we are making a large noise over nothing.

That you express concern over the implications involved in an American ballet troupe appearing in Greece under its present regime, and follow the article with a letter elaborating and expanding on the important points raised is indeed a breakthrough. . . . *Victoria Koenig*

Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

DEAR SIRS: Of course you are right, no one should dance for the colonels, . . . but shouldn't you beware of sounding too bleakly virtuous? Isn't there a danger of raising up a generation of pharisees around you?

Consider what Miss Carmelita Maracci writes you: "I have felt almost alone in experiencing concern and despair with the dancer's apparent immunity to the human condition. . . ." This is not only a heavy burden but a rigid posture for a dancer to assume. I much prefer what another artist, a friend of mine, says, though he may sound evasive to Miss Maracci: "I will do my protesting as a private citizen, not as an artist. Anything else is regimentation—on the side of the angels, no doubt, but regimentation for all that." *Robert C. Stephenson*

Standard's weasel

Half Moon Bay, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: During the first week in February, just after the Standard Oil desecration of our coastline, a number of eighth-grade pupils in Half Moon Bay did voluntary cleanup and bird rescue work along the beach. Their time was given without thought of reward or compensation. . . . Still, was there any reason they should clean up somebody else's mess without even token payment—especially from a billion-dollar corporation?

Accordingly, I took it upon myself to itemize the names and amount of time each student contributed. At $2 an hour it came to a total of $467, and I sent the bill to Standard Oil.

After thirty days of silence I called them. I was answered by a Mr. Frank Jose, who said he was claims coordinator for Standard Oil. . . . Because so many volunteers were involved, a company committee (whose names he would not reveal) had decided the only "fair and equitable" procedure would be to donate sums on their behalf to ecological research groups and conservation societies.

This is . . . a weasel action, to get off cheap while they hope we'll all relax and forget. . . . Besides they only spend money when it can be tied in with advertising and publicity.

Any donation should be over and above all immediate personal bills such as this. Furthermore, Standard Oil isn't going to contribute a drop in the bucket in relation to their ecological obligation. Anything less than $100 million won't make a dent in their rape damage to our countryside. . . . *Tom Musser*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

About That Cloud in Trousers

THE LIFE OF MAYAKOVSKY. *By Wiktor Woroszylski. Translated by Boreslaw Taborski. Grossman Publishers. 550 pp. $15.*

GUY DANIELS
Mr. Daniels' latest books are the novel, Progress, U.S.A., Russian Comic Fiction, *and his edition of* The Complete Plays of Mayakovsky, *to be published in paperback this month.*

Early in 1926 Mayakovsky contracted with Gosizdat, the State Publishing House, to write a novel. But he never wrote it. One explanation as to why he didn't is offered by Victor Shklovsky (who had been a close friend) in his monograph on the poet. "He was blocked," says Shklovsky, "by the theory of fact."

The "theory of fact" was a favorite tenet of the Russian Futurists during the second and third decades of this century, when *montage et collage* were all the rage. Mayakovsky, for instance, in a long poem about himself and Lili Brik, mixes "footage" and fiction both visually and verbally. His documentary material even includes Mme. Brik's telephone number, superimposed on a photomontage and placed (as a kind of verbal igniter) in an explosive pre-surrealistic passage.

Lately we have witnessed, along with the resurrection of a whole cemetery-ful of *avant-garde* techniques from that period, a revival of literary collage as applied to biographies of Russian writers. Thus, some three years ago, David Magarshack published a "Life" of Pushkin consisting of snippets from that poet's writings spliced together with Mr. Magarshack's own prose. The book met with some strong objections. They were directed, however, less against Magarshack's basic design than against his execution of it, as when he stated (twice) that *Eugene Onegin* was written in iambic pentameter—which is about like saying that the *Divine Comedy* was composed in quatrains. His use of collage, on the other hand, was welcomed as a novelty by more than one reviewer.

But now, with the appearance of this English-language edition of Mr. Woroszylski's book, we discover that in the field of *biographie-vérité* Magarshack was a latecomer. For not only was Woroszylski first under the wire (his book was first published in Poland in 1966) but his self-styled "film chronicle, made up of old shots and captions," is much less "written" than is Magarshack's *Pushkin.* Of his own words, indeed, we have only a brief paragraph at the head of each chapter, and an occasional sentence elsewhere.

This modesty consorts well with Woroszylski's purpose, which, as he tells us in his preface, was to "gather the 'case records' and arrange them in a certain sequence." In this way, he was able to exclude "conjecture, hypotheses, and my own emotions." But he hastens to assure us that, for all this, his truth ". . . is not an impersonal truth read by a computer. All things considered, it is still 'my' Mayakovsky."

I detect a note of anxiety here—a muchness of protesting—and I think I know why. Woroszylski must suddenly have realized that by characterizing his book in terms ordinarily reserved for scientific experiments, he had pretty well ruled out his "authorship." Hence his last-minute "my." Hence, too, his insistence that his truth was not an impersonal one like that of the computer whose specter had arisen to haunt him.

Since he compels us to the analogy, we must ask: In gathering and arranging these case records on Mayakovsky, has Woroszylski in fact done anything more than a reasonably bright computer can do? More than, for instance, the monster machine which at this very moment is feeding in data on me and thee for the "case records" kept by the Pentagon, J. Edgar, et al.? The answer is, yes, of course he has, since the excellence of his *selection* of and from the case records owes much to such nonscientific determinants as taste and those very emotions he tries to disown.

But this is about the only claim made for *The Life of Mayakovsky* that I can agree with. Despite all the razzle-dazzle of Woroszylski's "filmic" terminology, he has not really put together anything like a "film chronicle"—just a book, a mere thing of words. That book, moreover, is not a "Life" in the plain, everyday sense of the word. Much less is it (as the publishers claim) "the first biography of Mayakovsky," and "the result of five years of research among unpublished documents," which was "banned" in the Soviet Union. It is in fact a compilation of excerpts from books and periodicals—*including biographies* of the poet—most of which were first published in the Soviet Union. Some of the best of these excerpts are familiar to American readers, having been from their original context untimely (i.e., belatedly) ripped. I have in mind, especially, the passages from Pasternak's *Safe Conduct,* Ehrenburg's *People, Life, Years,* Bunin's autobiography, etc. Woroszylski draws heavily upon these memoirs, and from those of other modern masters like Kornei (*not* "Kornel"!) Chukovsky. Their "takes" he splices together with other "shots" from a good many sources unfamiliar to readers who don't know Russian: above all, from the standard monographs on the poet: those by Shklovsky, Vassili Katanyan, Lili Brik, Victor Pertsov, Vassili Kamensky, and others. To these he adds individual *témoignages* from Mayakovsky's family, friends, revolutionary comrades, literary allies and enemies. The result, if not a cohesive "Life," is at any rate an impressive dossier.

And the "unpublished documents"? In all the 14 pages of *Notes,* there is but *one* citation of unpublished documents. (Police-blotter data, and so on, are taken from Soviet-published "collections of materials.") As for the claim that *The Life of Mayakovsky* was banned in Russia, I can only ask: "What's the point in banning a digest of dozens of books and magazines which have been in the possession of thousands and thousands of Soviet readers for many years? If Woroszylski and his publishers wanted to make a case against the Soviet censors, they would have been much better advised to charge them with mutilating Mayakovsky's text in certain editions of his works. (One of the worst texts, by the way, is that of the 1955-61 *Complete Works*—the one Woroszylski used.) No. To have banned this book would have been an act of idiocy.

"On the other hand, not so fast," said Teddy Roosevelt (script by Mr. Dooley), after shaking his big stick at the trusts. As Mayakovsky showed only too well in his murderous comedy, *The Bathhouse,* the more idiotic a decision, the greater the likelihood of its being made by a big bureaucrat. So perhaps the book was banned after all. But I'd still like to see proof that it wasn't merely *rejected.*

"The legend born in a poet's lifetime, in his circle, is part of his life,"

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Woroszylski says in his preface. And he pertinently adds, apropos of Mayakovsky's suicide: "Some people kill themselves in order not to kill their own legend."

Of the many conjectures that have been made with regard to this question (as unavoidable as it is unanswerable), Woroszylski's strikes me as perhaps the shrewdest. And if true—or even partly true—it creates a special (and very cruel) irony. Mayakovsky, we remember, began his autobiographical sketch with the words: "I am a poet. That's why I am of interest." But today he is less known for his poetry than for his legend—that legend he himself fostered so sedulously, and perpetuated at so great a price. To some extent, that is true even in Russia; abroad the legend has eclipsed the poetry almost completely.

The English-speaking countries are a good case in point. Everyone has heard about Mayakovsky; and countless Beat poets have invoked his name in their dithyrambs—misspelling it, more often than not, and thereby confusing their hero with Myaskovsky (the composer) and Makovsky (another poet). But what of his *work*? We still do not have a good, representative *Poems of Vladimir Mayakovsky*. Much of his poetry has never been translated into English; most prominently, two fine long poems from the pre-revolutionary period: "Man," and "War and the World" (sometimes miscalled "War and Peace"). As for the selections that *are* available in English, about the only readable versions of the poetry proper (as distinguished from the verse plays) are those by George Reavey: that relatively small sampling in *The Bedbug and Selected Poetry*. Add to this Max Hayward's rendering of *The Bedbug*, and, if you will, my own translations of the *Complete Plays*, and that's about it. For most Americans, Mayakovsky is a conversation piece, not a poet.

Nor is the situation much better elsewhere. The French, to be sure, have done *leur possible* for the "laureate of the Revolution"; and in Italy, his *Opere* were published in four volumes well over a decade ago. But, with these honorable exceptions, the record is dismal indeed.

How much does *The Life of Mayakovsky* help to remedy this state of affairs? How much does it help us to strip away the thick husk of the legend and get a look at what's inside? The best way to get at the inner man, of course, is through his poetry. Accordingly, quite a few of the "case records" Woroszylski has selected are poems, given in part or in full. And his choices are admirable.

Equally admirable, I'm sure, were the Polish versions in the original edition. But those we have been offered in English are another story. With a view to computerial objectivity, let's go straight to the first poem in the book. Here is the last stanza:

I, in the claws of clothes at me aiming,
thrust laughter simply into their eyes—
a blow in fluttering tin plate—Negroes neighing,
till a parrot's wing blossoms o'er their face.

Now if there was anything Mayakovsky couldn't abide, it was weak archaisms like "o'er." But that's nothing. In this poem, no clothes were "at me aiming"; no tin plates were "fluttering"; and no Negroes were "neighing." (What they were in fact doing was "laughing loudly" —*khokhotali*.)

Hopeless! And most of the other poems in the book are no better. Some are even worse; e.g., the famous revolutionary couplet chanted by the sailors marching to storm the Winter Palace, which comes out:

Pineapples eat, hazelhens chew,
Your last day is coming, bourgeois!

For sheer ineptitude, I know of nothing comparable to this stuff, except perhaps the Mayakovsky versions wrought by Herbert Marshall, who likewise manages, with one stone, to slaughter two birds: the Russian meaning, and his own English.

Would you believe that Mr. Taborski (the gentleman who has inflicted these six lines on us) has "written poetry in English"? My first response to this biographical note was to ask, in Taborski's own words: *Who and Why Needs Poetry?* So help me God that's how he renders Nikolai Aseyev's title, *Zachem i komu nuzhna poeziya? (Who Needs Poetry, and Why?)*

It's a great pity, really, to have lost the poems in this way, since they were our best chance for a glimpse of the inner man. But we are given one other chance: in the excerpts from Mayakovsky's prose writings. Here again, the selections are good; and Taborski's prose reads much better than his forays into verse. True, the English is still rather shaky, and it bristles with weird transliterations (like "*gyenyeral*" for "*general*") which apparently cowed the copy editor into complete submission. But none of this interferes very much with getting to know the man who wrote *How Are Verses Made?*

I single out this essay because, more than all the other prose pieces and even more than many of the poems, it shows us Mayakovsky's mind at work. In particular, it shows us how he thought and felt during a crucial event, the writing of "To Sergei Esenin." That poem, occasioned by Esenin's suicide, contains two of the most callous lines in modern literature—the famous question addressed to Esenin's ghost: "Why increase the number of suicides?/It's better to raise the production of ink."* Faced with such callousness, even so well informed an authority as Patricia Blake (in her deservedly admired Introduction to *The Bedbug and Selected Poetry*) assumes the poem was "promptly composed"—dashed off in a surge of anger, perhaps. But in his essay, Mayakovsky tells how and why he *mulled over the poem for months*. There is nothing so revealing in all the reams written about "the legend." (Woroszylski does not give the essay in full, as he should have; but his publishers have wisely remedied this lack by bringing out a separate edition, in another translation.)

One is grateful for this kind of thing, but there's all too little of it in Woroszylski's book. He himself, I'm sure, could have given us much that was equally insightful, had he chosen to *write a biography*. Why didn't he, one wonders? Because, I suspect, he was seduced by the legend. Also, perhaps, because he was "blocked by the theory of fact" and (to use the title of a scenario written by Mayakovsky) *Fettered by Film*. So he gave us, instead, a dossier called a "film chronicle" but actually made up of the raw materials for a biography (called "old shots and captions").

Well, it *is* an exhaustive dossier, covering all phases of its subject's life history: as the bright young son of shabby genteel parents, in rebellion against the "Establishment" but not (Americans, take note) against father and mother; as a teen-age revolutionary (specializing in propaganda talks); as a youthful political prisoner (who assumed leadership among his older fellow "cons"); as a half-starved art student (with a penchant for caricature); as a flamboyant Futurist poet, shouting defiant slogans in his big bass voice and sporting his famous yellow shirt (sewn by Mamma); as "tribune of the Revolution" (Boris Eichenbaum's phrase) prophesying a New Order that didn't turn out quite as he expected; as a lover at once tender and brutal, whose affairs always ended badly because his "I" (meaning both his ego and his huge frame) was so big there was "no place to put it"; as an adulator of Lenin (who disliked his poems); as a world traveler, alarmed by the prospect of air pollution in America (from so many automobiles); as a committed Communist, yet an unrecon-

* As everyone has heard all too often, Esenin's suicide poem was written in his own blood.

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structed individualist, sans party card, who wrote scathing satires against the Communist bureaucracy (the most scathing of which is *The Bathhouse*); as a man who belonged to both the ancient past and (especially) the far future, but was so impatient with the present that he killed himself, leaving a poem which explained: "Love's boat has foundered on everyday life."

The Life of Mayakovsky closes with Pasternak's well-known description of the poet in his coffin:

> His face restored the time when he called himself the beautiful twenty-two-year-old, because death had stiffened the facial expression, which hardly ever gets into its clutches. It was the expression with which one begins life, not the one to end it. . . .

This is the death mask most of us visualize when we think of Mayakovsky's end. But we may not be allowed to keep it forever. The "Life" of Mayakovsky which will some day be written (in the full sense of the word) in English, will draw upon many Russian documents that have been published since 1966. Among them is a memoir by the painter, Elizaveta Lavinskaya. On the day of the poet's funeral, Lavinskaya says, she was shown a photograph of him taken immediately after he shot himself. She never saw it again; but she has described it:

> It was a photograph of Mayakovsky, spread out on the floor as though crucified, with his arms and legs flung out, and his mouth open wide in a desperate cry. □

Where It All Started

THE BEGINNING: Berkeley, 1964. *By Max Heirich. Columbia University Press. 317 pp. $6.95.*

BETTINA APTHEKER

Miss Aptheker is writing a study of the American student rebellion on a grant from the Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation. She was a member of the steering committee of the Free Speech Movement.

Political crises are seldom unexpected. They are, however, unpredictable. That is, theorists and historians are often able to define areas of social tension and conflict but they cannot say exactly where a specific conflict will erupt; or when; or how it will be resolved. Why, for example, the Free Speech Movement was born on the Berkeley campus of the University of California in the fall of 1964 has been a subject of endless discussion for sociologists, educators and, needless to say, movement activists. From this point of view especially, Max Heirich's study of the Free Speech Movement is an impressive contribution. It is an encouraging display of how a *good* sociological study can broaden and deepen one's view of history.

Heirich is a partisan of the students, but he is also an objective reporter, with no special ideological axes to grind. His presence on the campus during the entire controversy, his intimate knowledge of the issues and his personal encounters with the participants—students, faculty and administrators—are combined with his skills as a sociologist to provide a unique and refreshing view of the entire controversy.

In a long opening chapter Heirich examines the social conditions on the Berkeley campus, and the specific changes in those conditions which made the university's structure particularly conducive to mass political activity. He is quick to point out that there was nothing *"inherently* politicizing" about these structural changes; but they tended to increase the number of students who were exposed to political ideas and "easily accessible for political mobilizations."

Heirich also studied the changes in the Berkeley student population and in student housing patterns since the end of the Second World War. He explored the consequences of educational innovations, especially those resulting from the California Master Plan for Higher Education, adopted in 1960. He observed the spatial rearrangements of the campus which affected pedestrian patterns. He traced the impact of these factors on the social science and humanities students among whom the Free Speech Movement enjoyed its greatest support. The results afford an extraordinary insight into the conflict.

The author details the history of the Berkeley student movement from the late fifties, concentrating on the prominent role of the graduate students, the loose coalition style of political organization, and the orientation toward issues rather than ideological positions. In addition, he seeks to convey the general historical setting; the intensity of political ferment in a Presidential election year; the interaction between the student movement and black liberation; and the students' sense of impending crisis as the fall 1964 semester approached. Through this comprehensive analysis of the particular combination of social and historical factors, the main threads of the Free Speech Movement are deftly woven together.

Heirich is at his best in describing the internal dynamic of the protest itself. He gives the reader a sense of the logical progression of issues in the controversy, and he has an excellent grasp of the manner in which a relatively small protest could blossom into a major political force. The spontaneous seizure of the police car on October 1 is very well conveyed: why people started to sit-down around the car; how sudden it was; how logical it seemed; how eminently reasonable it all appeared to the students in the context of the Sproul Hall Plaza that noon. A freshman girl who planned to major in art told Heirich why she had joined the demonstration: "After I listened to speakers, talking with friends on the scene, and thinking about it a while I decided to act. . . . I couldn't say 'no! . . .' I was jazzed on the idea of hijacking a police car—such glorious irreverence!"

Equally impressive is his depiction of an FSM rally on November 20, the day of a crucial meeting of the university's Board of Regents. The rally was to begin at noon in the upper portion of the Sproul Hall Plaza. In the lower half of the plaza the college pep organizations had scheduled a "Beat Stanford" rally in preparation for the Big Game on Saturday (November 21). There were two large crowds, and they were composed of very different people. It appeared as if neither rally would give way to the other, and the atmosphere was tense. It is worth quoting Heirich's account of what happened next: "Then Steve Weisman, a member of the FSM Steering Committee, had an inspiration. He led the FSM crowd in a 'Beat Stanford' yell. The cheerleaders responded with a 'Free Speech' yell. Gradually the two rallies blended, the crowds mingled and the tension dissolved. . . ." That rally and the subsequent vigil at the regents meeting was a turning point in the political development of the FSM. For the first time it enjoyed the approval of a traditionally apolitical section of the campus community.

The book suffers from a basic weakness: its failure to take account of certain aspects of the evolution of *political* consciousness among the students. And Heirich does not seem to appreciate the full impact of the controversy on the future of the student movement as a whole.

For example, it is striking that Heirich omits mention, in his historical survey, of both the Cuban missile crisis in the fall of 1962 and the visit of South Viet-

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THE GRANT WOOD GOTHIC TURKS

Where are the young, young Turks
I knew when I spoke their tongue?
Admirers of Edmund Burke's
And Buckley's. And some of the young

Young Turks are manning the slits
Of the fortress walls of committees
And scoring their melted-lead hits
On the raiders from radical cities.

They no longer look like Turks.
Their Grant Wood gothic faces
Are as stern as Scottish kirks
Or Nixon's pious grimaces.

Shall I try my Turkish out
On the newest assistant professors?
They reply in a Chinese shout
Or murmur in Spanish, "Che bless us."

Chad Walsh

nam's Madame Nhu to the Berkeley campus in the fall of 1963 (which evoked a protest meeting of several hundred persons even then). This is all the more important because as the FSM controversy matured, the question of U.S. foreign policy in both Southeast Asia and Latin America gained increasing prominence.

In the spring of 1965 the largest mass event on the Berkeley campus was a Vietnam teach-in estimated to have attracted between 10,000 and 15,000 people during its two-day program. The U.S. invasion of the Dominican Republic occurred the same week the teach-in was held. For many students who had just gone through an intensely political experience, involving direct, personal encounters with the police, the events in the Dominican Republic and South Vietnam took on enormous significance.

While the author does devote a couple of chapters to this spring semester, he dwells almost exclusively on the continuing intramural hostilities which, while of considerable importance to administrators and legislators, were dwarfed by the students' preoccupation with the war in Vietnam. In fact, in the wake of the Free Speech Movement, and as a direct consequence of that experience, the Berkeley campus emerged as the center of the anti-war movement in the United States for at least a year and a half.

In the same way, Heirich fails to grasp the ultimate significance of the events in the Greek Theatre on Monday, December 7. The previous Thursday (December 3) 635 police had been called to the Berkeley campus. They had arrested some 800 students occupying the Berkeley administration building, Sproul Hall. The arrests set off a student strike which effectively paralyzed the campus. The president of the university, Clark Kerr, in an explicit effort to deflate the strike, called an extraordinary convocation in the Greek Theatre. A crowd estimated at between 15,000 and 20,000 (virtually the entire campus) attended. Heirich's account of the event is accurate but he does not really convey its political impact.

Mario Savio, principal spokesman for the FSM, having been denied permission to address the convocation, or even to simply announce an FSM rally at noon in Sproul Hall Plaza, decided to make such an announcement nonetheless, after the meeting had been officially adjourned. President Kerr made a conciliatory-sounding speech. However, he made no substantive concessions on the issues of the controversy. Still, by and large, his remarks were well received by the audience (although accounts of the general response vary). When Savio strode to the microphone (after the official adjournment of the meeting) everyone remained seated and waited for him to speak. Campus police suddenly leaped out from the back of the stage before he could say a word, and dragged him (by the throat) from the microphone. The crowd was stunned and then there was pandemonium. At that moment the president's rhetoric had been stripped to its nonconciliatory core; and the "vital center" collapsed. That is the point of the so-called Greek Tragedy. It was this collapse of the credibility of the center that insured the faculty's adhering to the FSM position on the substantive issue the following day, in what became known as the December 8th Resolutions. Even more, the event revolutionized the thinking of many thousands of students.

Heirich's story of the FSM is a little too grim. As a result he tends to overlook the important theme in the evolution of these events. FSM was, of course, a very serious affair; but running through it was a buoyancy, an energy that comes when people experience self-liberation. This quality of liberation is not, in the last analysis, definable in terms of the tangible political victories of the movement. Rather it is expressed in the sense of identity, of being, of purpose, of community, that the collective resistance evokes.

In Heirich's description, for example, of the "Showdown" on December 2 in which several hundred students occupied the administration building, he notes that the urgency of the rally preceding the sit-in was in striking contrast ". . . to the pace of FSM rallies in the past. . . . The tone, the rhythms, the tense, searing timbre of voices were similar to those heard during an altar call in a major religious revival campaign." This may be a true impression of the rally. Still, it does not convey the *ecstasy* of the moment. Once the speeches were over, hundreds surged up the stairs into Sproul Hall; and the tension snapped. A festive atmosphere prevailed for the next twelve hours (until the arrests began). When Edward Strong, the chancellor of the university, appeared before the sitters-in after midnight (on December 3) and asked them to leave, his address included this sentence: "The assemblage has developed to such a point that the purpose and work of the university has been materially impaired." At those words, he was interrupted by thunderous cheers from "the disrupters."

Many observers of the American scene have viewed the Free Speech Movement as a critical turning point in the evolution of American politics. They have concluded that the University of California and indeed the campuses in general have not been the same since. That is quite true.

And the reason things will never be the same again at Berkeley or anywhere else is that the students themselves were transformed by the experience. The Free Speech Movement had exploded the "preprogrammed social fiction" that was to have been their existence; and (ironically) the electronic media had zipped the message across the country. Even without knowing the specific issues of the FSM, thousands of students had instinctively embraced its spirit. As Max Heirich concludes: "What began as a tiny gesture, by a handful of students, turned into a tidal wave that has not yet run its course." □

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Grand Cham of Letters

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND THE LIFE OF WRITING. *By Paul Fussell. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 303 pp. $9.50.*

WALTER ALLEN
Mr. Allen is professor of English at the New University of Ulster and is at present Berg Professor of English at New York University.

According to the publishers, this is the first book ever to deal with Johnson wholly as a writer. It is in any event an uncommonly good one; witty and elegant, with admirable analyses of Johnson's prose as well as of his beliefs, and infinitely arguable. For the issues it raises go beyond Johnson the individual writer: Mr. Fussell is offering "Johnson as an example of 'the writer,'" Johnson as the archetypal writer, and it is with this, of course, that argument starts.

Mr. Fussell begins by pointing out, as has become almost obligatory when writing of Johnson in our time, that he was a much more complex character than the Johnson of the popular imagination, that "fictive substitute called 'Dr.' Johnson" which was the invention of Boswell and Macaulay, who between them turned him into a "combination of Mr. Punch, John Bull, and a sort of Lord North of criticism, with overtones of creepy, half-sane religious superstition and brutal literary 'prejudices.'"

"What makes his life so interesting," Fussell says in his opening paragraph, "is the unlikeliness of it all."

> He was an ugly, brilliant, neurotic boy from the English Midlands who somehow got through seventy-five years of pain and misery, becoming in the process one of the most sophisticated and versatile of English writers. Just before his death he looked back and saw his existence as "a life radically wretched."

Again:

> Everything about his character and manners was forcible and violent: whether eating, drinking, or love-making, reading, writing, or arguing, he found moderation all but impossible, and consequently tended to overvalue it as an ideal principle and to urge it too often upon others. The key to his character is his impetuosity, impatience, and irrationality.

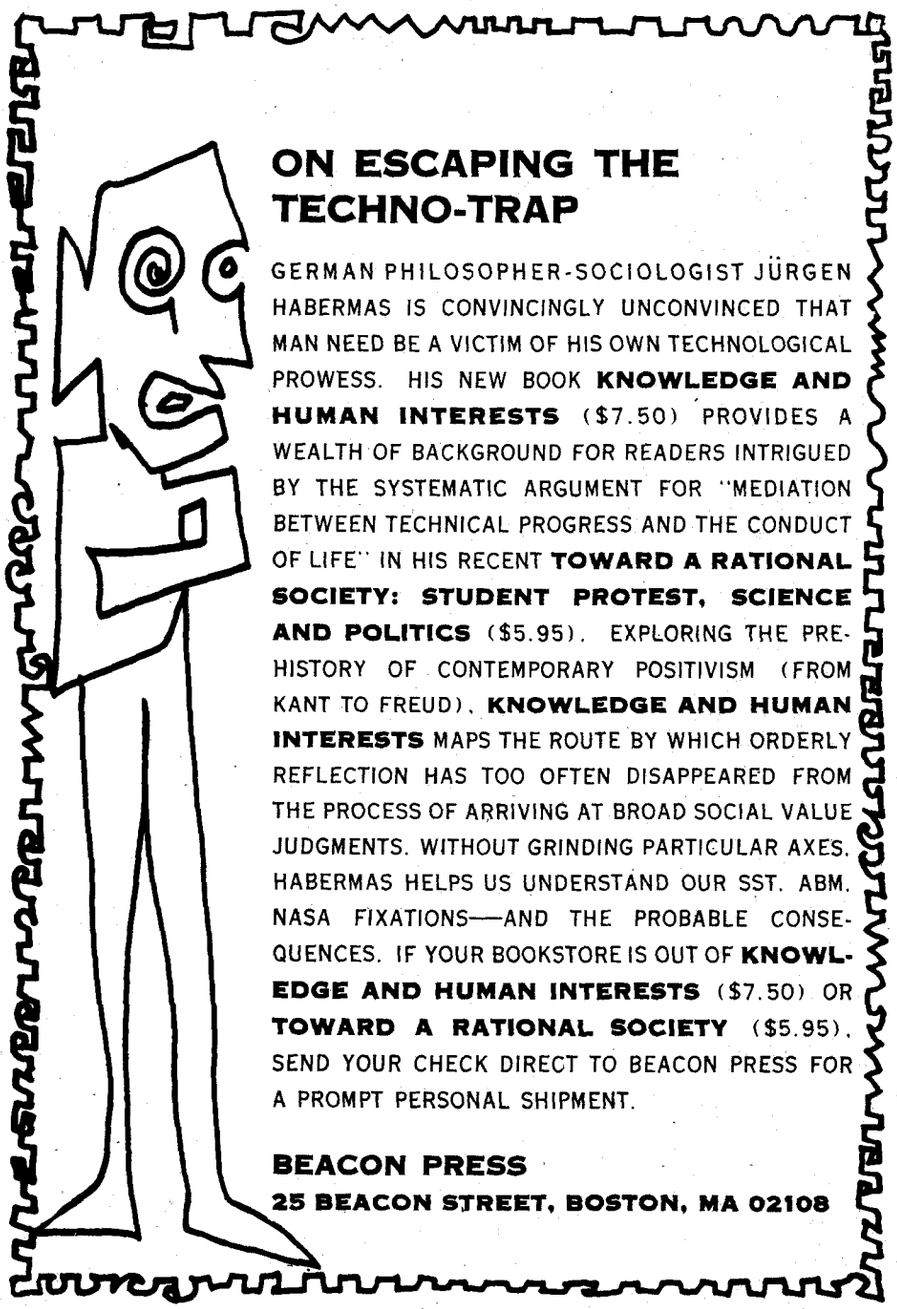
As for his "characteristic way with literature," it was "a violent oscillation between total boredom and idleness, on the one hand, and, on the other, a total engagement that left him exhausted and frightened."

Then there were the consequences of what is tantamount to his religious conversion at Oxford. Of him at this time Fussell writes:

> . . . he was a vigorous, sensual, and emotional youth, but now, thanks to Law's *Serious Call*, also a guilt-ridden one. His violent appetites seemed dangerously at war with his desire to contain them. Strain set in, and he became so melancholic that sometimes he feared he would simply go mad. His compulsive tics and swayings and mutterings became more conspicuous. He even talked of suicide. Forever after he labored under a conviction that he could very easily lose his mind and that his sanity depended almost wholly upon his own self-control.

And the tally of his miseries is not complete. There is the sense of special obligation that against all odds of illness God has allowed him to live. There is too, though Fussell does not mention it, what seems to me plainly his sexual masochism, which comes out in his relations with Mrs. Thrale and was at once, one assumes, the product of guilt and the cause of further guilt.

What is permanently fascinating is the contrast between the extremes of his temperament and the formal order of his writings. There are similar contrasts in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Swift and Pope. All three seem to us now, in the nature of their personalities, almost excessively "romantic," but their art *is the negation of romanticism.* Why? The answer must lie in the disposition of 18th-century society and its expectations of literature. Fussell indicates one aspect of this when he writes: "In the eighteenth century a writer does not 'develop' the way we assume nineteenth- and twentieth-century writers do. Joyce's *Dubliners* is not like *Finnegans Wake* in the way Johnson's earliest work is like his last. The pattern of the literary career conceivable in Johnson's time does not imply development and change—it implies intensification." And there is something else, allied to this: the notion of originality and of the writer's duty to be original was unknown. The great difference between the world of the 18th century and ours is that the 18th century's was a closed world, one in which, in fundamentals, everything was known —which is why Pope could write:

> *True wit is nature to advantage dressed,*
> *What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.*

Invention was possible, but not originality.

It was not to be so for long, and what has happened since is what makes our situation so different from the 18th century's. We know that everything is *not* known, that at any given moment truth and knowledge are provisional. The difference between our times and Johnson's may be summed up in a sequence of very obvious names, names that are signs for much else also: Darwin, Marx, Frazer, Freud, Einstein, Jung, Heisenberg. Which is why Fussell on the nature of literature won't entirely do and why his presentation of Johnson as the archetypal writer has to be questioned.

What constitutes literature? Fussell asks, and answers himself:

> Simply this: the decision of an audience that a piece of writing is "literary." An act of what observers will consent to consider literature can take place only when an individual talent engages and, as it were, fills in the shape of a pre-existing form that a particular audience is willing to regard as belonging to the world of literature.

Well, yes. The statement has a splendid no-damn-nonsense air about it. But is it more than partially true? What induces the observers, the "audience," to make the decision? Isn't it, and as a simple matter of literary history hasn't it been for the best part of two centuries now, very often the writer himself? How long has it been since a competent observer said William Blake was mad? Isn't the fact of the case that indicated by Wordsworth in his letter to Lady Beaumont?

> Never forget what, I believe, was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great and original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen. . . .

For Fussell the individual talent "fills in the shape of the pre-existing form." The pre-existing form is the genre. Johnson's "life of writing," Fussell tells us, "took place in the midst of a heady profusion and variety of forms." That the 18th century had a greater sense of genre than we have is no doubt true; but I think Fussell exaggerates the profusion and variety of the genres available to Johnson as compared with those available to our contemporaries. More important, though, is that he sees genres in all too easily definable terms, as his metaphor of the writer filling in pre-existing forms suggests. It is as though the genre were a mold to be filled up with so much molten metal.

> The making of literature is a matter of the engagement of a vulnerable self with a fairly rigid coded medium so tough that it bends and alters only under the most rigorous pressure which only the rarest of spirits among writers can exert. The idea of the "coded medium" is a modern way of conceiving of a relatively fixed literary genre. *This coded medium comes inevitably from outside the writer*: otherwise it fails to transmit signals recognizable to the observer.

I suppose the notion that a vulnerable self may be able to exert rigorous pressure on a medium that is not only fairly rigid but also tough may stand; but surely some media are not nearly so rigid and tough as the argument demands. The novel, for instance, is almost infinitely plastic. As for Fussell's italicized sentence, in what sense, apart from the typographical arrangement that indicates that we are in the presence of verse, do the actual poems that are "The Prelude," "Song of Myself," "The Waste Land," Pound's Cantos and Ted Hughes's "Crow" come from "outside the writer"? These were new works, almost one might say new genres, but readers have learned to read them by the very act of reading them. While it is obviously true that genres, pre-existing forms, condition the works that are written in them, it is surely even more obviously true that the genres themselves are bent, altered and finally shaped by those who use them.

For Fussell 18th-century patterns of writing and 18th-century expectations of literature seem to be the norms. I don't think they are, either for the two centuries that have followed or for the Elizabethans and Jacobeans. He is on safer ground when he describes how Johnson filled up *his* genres. He sees Johnson as a writer by default; unable to be a lawyer and having failed as a schoolmaster, he took to Grub Street. But his approach to writing, as Fussell convincingly shows, was a lawyer's. To write was to execute a brief; the act of writing was an exercise in rhetoric in which sincerity and the desire for self-expression scarcely entered.

This is to oversimplify, which Fussell does not do. There were times, as he shows, when for Johnson the claims of sincerity were paramount, and then his "acute awareness of necessary artifice" was cracked as it were in consequence. Fussell's example is the famous criticism of "Lycidas," in which Johnson "chooses to forget that a poem is only a poem, and that by definition the poet is a contriver of effects, not an experiencer of emotion." Indeed, what in the end Fussell seems to me to show us is a Johnson who triumphed over the tyrannies both of genre and of his forensic, rhetorical conception of literature. One might say self-expression crept in. He saw writing as an "elucidation of general human nature" and lacked any "paradigm for open autobiography or confession." Nevertheless, the elucidation of general human nature was intimately related, perhaps based upon, his insights into his own nature. It is this that gives him his authority as a writer. As Fussell says in his last sentence:

> Johnson's species in the *Lives* of the poets is the writer as representative man, obliged by his frailty to imitate and to adhere to genres and conventions which he has not devised; tormented by the hunger of the imagination only to be always defeated of his hopes; and finally carried away by the very stream of time which it has been his ironic ambition to shape, and by shaping, to arrest.

In this sense, surely, Johnson is a prime example of the writer. Yet the caveat is still necessary. "Writer" is in any case an ambiguous word; and our notions of what constitutes a writer, of what we expect from literature, have changed radically since his day. They have become vaguer, even more ambiguous, at once narrower and wider. This may be seen in the shift in emphasis in the teaching of English that has taken place in universities in the past thirty years. Increasingly literature is construed as "imaginative" literature, poetry, fiction, drama. The quintessential writer is now the poet, in the extended meaning of the word. I think it time the balance was redressed and I hope Fussell's book

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may help the process. But plainly Johnson, though a poet, was much more a writer at the level of journalist, a writer primarily for periodicals. It is anything but a disappearing breed, but the gap between the journalist and the poet grows wider. A 20th-century equivalent of Johnson, both in his sense of the writer's responsibility and in his professional willingness, almost as a point of professional honor, to try all the genres open to him, would be G. K. Chesterton. One would not, I think, see him as the prime example of the writer. Nor can we any longer see Johnson in that role.

There remains Fussell's book. It raises fundamental questions and it teaches us to read Johnson with greater understanding. If it leads us to read more deeply into Johnson, so much the better. What the rewards will be Fussell's quotations from him indicate. □

Our Conflict with the Soviets

AMERICAN IMAGES OF SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY. *By William Welch. Yale University Press. 316 pp. $10.*

D. F. FLEMING

Mr. Fleming is the author of The Cold War and its Origins, 1917-1960, *which has been published in New York, London, Milan and Tokyo.*

The author, a professor of political science at the University of Colorado, has set himself a very difficult assignment—to analyze what he considers the twenty-two leading American books about the foreign policies of the Soviet Union. Of these books, sixteen are listed in Hammond's bibliography, *Soviet Foreign Relations and World Communism.* Their credentials, accordingly, are "impeccable."

Of the total, Mr. Welch deals somewhat briefly with the following: Anthony T. Bouscaren, *Soviet Foreign Policy: A Pattern of Persistence;* David J. Dallin, *Soviet Foreign Policy After Stalin;* William R. Kintner, *The New Frontier: Political Warfare, Present and Future;* W. W. Kulski, *Peaceful Coexistence: An Analysis of Soviet Foreign Policy;* Jan Librach, *The Rise of the Soviet Empire: A Study of Soviet Foreign Policy;* John Lukacs, *A New History of the Cold War;* Philip E. Mosely, *The Kremlin and World Politics: Studies in Soviet Policy and Action;* Harry Overstreet, *The War Called Peace: Khrushchev's Communism;* Harry E. Schwartz, *The Red Phoenix: Russia Since World War II;* Marshall D. Shulman, *Beyond the Cold War;* Jan F. Triska, *Soviet Foreign Policy;* and Adam B. Ulam, *Expansion and Coexistence: The History of Soviet Foreign Policy, 1917-1967.* The remainder are treated at greater length.

As a scholar Welch considers himself a combination of behavioralist and traditionalist. As the former, he is mainly interested in analyzing the analyzers, rather than the historians. Nine of the analyzers are subjected to hard analysis. These divide into three groups:

I. The Ultra-Hard Image: The Great Beast. *Case 1*: Elliot R. Goodman, *The Soviet Design for a World State* (Columbia University Press, 1960) is most authoritative in citing world state declarations in the early period. In the thirties these become rarer and ultimately disappear altogether. "Goodman copes manfully with this shrinkage of evidence . . . but his case is unconvincing."

Case 2: *Short of War Militarism: Protracted Conflict* (Harper, 1963), by Robert Strauz-Hupé also receives an adverse verdict: "if the theory fits the facts . . . it is only because the facts have first been culled. . . ."

Case 3: (Wolfe and the Totalitarian Key.) In *Communist Totalitarianism: Keys to the Soviet System* (Beacon Press, 1956), Bertram D. Wolfe also "bends historical data of Soviet behavior to his theory. . . ."

The three authors in this group have failed adequately to sustain "the view that Soviet conduct is Ultra-Hard."

II. The Hard Image: The Mellowing Tiger. *Case 1*: George Kennan's *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin* (Little, Brown, 1961) is "an ambivalent work." It has a duality of focus, of versions of Soviet conduct and of findings. There is "a sort of tension between two Kennans," "the statesman and loyal foreign service officer," and the historian, but other virtues enable him to "justly claim to have lived up to his ideal of Western historical scholarship."

Case 2: *Marshall D. Shulman and Late Stalin Moderation.* His *Stalin's Foreign Policy Reappraised* (Harvard Press, 1964) leaves a mixed impression. "The volume's characterization of the magnitude of change in Soviet conduct in the crucial period at issue (1949-53) is ambiguous . . . it either makes out a good case for a minor point or a poor case for a major one."

Case 3: *Robert C. Tucker and Post-Stalin Moderation.* About his *The Soviet Political Mind: Studies in Stalinism and Post-Stalin Change* (Praeger, 1963), "Tucker's contrast is overdrawn. Conduct of the Stalinist period was not so expansionist as he suggests, nor so addicted to the military instrument. Post-Stalinist conduct was not, has not been so persuasionist."

III. The Mixed Image: The Neurotic Bear. *Case 1*: *Gehlen and Khrushchevian Caution.* Michael Gehlen's *The Politics of Coexistence: Soviet Methods and Motives* (University of Indiana Press, 1967) centers on the proposition that in recent years Soviet risk taking has been low and Welch thinks it is better sustained than Gehlen claims, since of eleven crises surveyed eight were initiated by others than the Soviets.

Case 2: (*Halle and Geographic Determinism.*) Louis Halle's *The Cold War as History* (Harper & Row, 1967) deals with the years 1939 to 1963. It holds that the cold war was a matter of historical necessity, since the Soviet expansion into Europe after World War II was "defensive expansion," determined by geography, which triggered a new balance of power conflict.

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You see with the shreds
of what you knew.
The shimmer of after-image
lasts, for months.
Light spun
Onto the spool of each eye.

William Matthews

Yet Halle "revels in normative judgments," and praises the United States to the skies "for finally coming to and organizing the defense against the Soviets . . . the Muscovite tyranny that was spreading from the East," whereas, says Welch, "The true determinist does not curse the darkness."

Case 3: Schuman and Reactive Expansiveness. Frederick L. Schuman's *The Cold War: Retrospect and Prospect* (Louisiana State University Press, 1967) which views Russian cold-war conduct as "conditional military expansiveness based on fear and concern for national security," is held to be "a work of sensitivity somewhat marred by unevenness of comparisons, a work of provocative hypotheses only partly borne out by the data."

At this point perhaps the reviewer may attempt the delicate matter of reporting Welch's handling of the reviewer's own book, *The Cold War and its Origins, 1917-1960*, Vol. I and II (Doubleday, 1961).

Though not analyzed in a separate section, it does receive adequate consideration in several parts of the book. It is "much the longest work" considered and "clearly the softest and most sympathetic view of Soviet conduct. . . ." Yet "in Fleming more than any of the other works, characterization is particularist, the general image latent and implicit." He gives "a blow-by-blow account, while leaving it to others to draw implications and generalize about the postures, strategy and tactics of the two opponents." The characterization found in Fleming's work "is not characterization which the author draws explicitly from the myriad of particular moves constituting his narrative, but rather characterization which he leaves the reader to draw for himself, with all the risks which this necessity entails."

Fleming is guilty as charged, yet unrepentant, for he believes profoundly in the ability of the average reader, as well as scholarly ones, to draw sound conclusions from a full historical record.

Each of the twenty-two books considered in *American Images of Soviet Foreign Policy* has made, in its own way, its contribution to understanding a subject second to none in importance, and William Welch is to be congratulated for his courage in dealing with them.

No student of the cold war can afford to be without this book. It is a bibliographical mine, containing nine excellent tables and figures, and valuable chapters on "Method: Some Suggestions," "An Analysis of Soviet Faithlessness" and "The Mediation of Differing Views," in which the author tries for, if not quite a total synthesis of views in this vast field, at least "A Modicum of Consensus." Altogether, the book is a brave and successful undertaking. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

It has been difficult for art critics to assess Black art, not only because of ancestral guilt but because the artists have made it difficult. Every Black art show has been accompanied by a display of withdrawals and of allegations which have made one doubt that each show, as shown, was really representative. Still, time passes and the shows begin to add up, and a group of present exhibitions gives additional information. It is now possible to stop giving Black art the benefit of the doubt.

First consider the protest stimulated by the Whitney Museum's "Contemporary Black Artists in America" (until May 16). A group of unknown size called the Black Emergency Cultural Coalition complained in a letter to the museum and, of course, to Miss Grace Glueck of *The New York Times*, that "Black curatorial expertise" had not been used and that "the Black community" was insulted by not having been more responsibly involved. The "Coalition" called for a boycott and fifteen artists withdrew from the Whitney, leaving sixty. There is that problem again: can we accept the show as representative after all these abstentions?

Some of the artists who pulled out are to be seen elsewhere: Richard Hunt has a retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art (until June 7), William T. Williams was shown at Reece Palley in March, and Betty Blayton can be seen at the Acts of Art Gallery, 15 Charles Street, where an exhibition called "Rebuttal to the Whitney Museum" runs until May 10. That show includes the works of two artists not invited by the Whitney; they are the co-chairmen of the "Coalition," Benny Andrews and Cliff Joseph. Romare Bearden also withdrew from the Whitney but on a different schedule, reportedly after pressure from activist colleagues; he, too, has a show at the Museum of Modern Art.

The title of Bearden's exhibition is "The Prevalence of Ritual," which the press handout interprets: "the ritual is the choreography of daily life in Black America." The artist defines it as "the only life style that is talking about life." How does this pro-life life appear in Bearden's work? The exhibition offers his collages from 1964. These flat layouts for which the interlocking patterns of late Cubism provide the formal base, are continually being parted, like Venetian blinds, to reveal a gesture or a facial expression, or a meeting. What we really see is the prevalence of genre, done in a creditable but mild way. Richard Hunt gives a similar effect of dull normal style. He has a sound grasp of the clichés of welded sculpture, in which it is easy (*1*) to join bits together and (*2*) to set up balancing feats by extending thin forms onward and upward. He calls one group of works "hybrid figures": the word *hybrid* was brought into American art criticism by André Breton in 1945 with reference to Arshile Gorky. It is indicative of the conservative modernism of Hunt that the word fits his biomorphic sculpture perfectly well.

The work of both Bearden and Hunt is soundly conceived and developable, though not original. Bearden's attempt to give his abstracted figures a Black aura without abating his formality appears as a problem also for the Abstract painters. William T. Williams paints big bright abstractions; he stands in about the same dependent relation to Frank Stella as does the (white) painter Larry Zox. The title of his last show, however, was "Overkill: An American Consciousness," a political-sounding title that had an undemonstrated connection to the paintings. In a catalogue statement a couple of years ago Williams wrote:

> We are surrealists (or we could not have survived). We are primitives. We are humanists. We are hard edge. We are earth people. We are action painters. WE ARE BLACK.

It seems that Black artists, no matter how alert to the internal traditions of painting or sculpture, are haunted by racial obligations. They are caught between their sense of art as art and of art as an instrument to advance Black rights. Blackness must be present, if not as a subject then as a verbal context (in Williams' case) or in some such substitute form.

The nakedly instrumental use of art can be seen in a cluster of caricatural, folkloric and expressionistic image makers who turn out Afro-American propaganda. At the Whitney there are

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Murry De Pillars (he shows an activist Aunt Jemima, an idea lifted from Joseph Overstreet, one of the artists who withdrew), Vincent Smith ("The Super"), Charles White ("Wanted Poster Series") and W. H. Henderson ("The Smile"—on a vast Black head). At the "Rebuttal" show are Dindga McCannan's "Shackles, Slaves, and Prods," in which the objects of assemblage are turned into the symbols of oppression; Cliff Joseph's "The Superman," an inventory of the senile oppressor, and Benny Andrews' "American Gothic" in which the iconography of Aristotle and Phyllis is enacted by a whore (?) astride an emaciated American sergeant.

Nigel Jackson in a new art paper called *Raven Art Rap* (205 Waverly Place, New York) editorializes thus: "The public at large must be educated to the fact that Black culture is a valid part of the entire American way of life. The drive to express ourselves in our artistic works for all the people must exist." Obviously that is so, but, equally obviously, after looking at Black art shows, there is nothing yet in the visual arts that approaches the Black contribution to literature. There are two groupings within Black art: the professional artists, many of them able, but all of them slightly distracted, I think, by the obligation to refer to their color in their art; and the propagandists. Some of the latter group are professional and others are lay artists, using the term to refer to people who take up art momentarily under the pressure of personal crisis or current affairs. This area of symbolism, figuration and anger is of unrelieved banality and repetition.

It is clear that John Baur, director of the Whitney, was right to make his museum available for the show, poor as it is, and despite the displeasure of some of the Black community. *Raven Art Rap* criticizes Robert Doty, the curator of the show, but it is certain that even if a sympathetic curator had been assigned, the reaction would not have been different. It is only by political agitation that the weaknesses of Black art can be covered up. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In the last act father-and-son scene of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (Promenade Theatre, Broadway and 76th St.) James Tyrone says, "The praise Edwin Booth gave my Othello! I made the manager put down his exact words in writing. I kept it in my wallet for years. . . . Where is it now, I wonder? Somewhere in this house. I remember I put it away carefully—." To which his son Edmund replies, "It might be in the old trunk, along with Mama's wedding dress."

In the play's final moments the mother, benumbed by morphine, enters dragging a wedding gown on the floor. She doesn't recognize it as hers. James, her husband, takes it from her, pointing out that she might get it dirty, and she murmurs, "I remember now. I found it in the attic hidden in a trunk. But I don't know what I wanted it for. I'm going to be a nun—that is, if I can only find . . . " She breaks off and then resumes, "What is it I'm looking for? I know it's something I lost."

The four Tyrones are bedeviled by a terrible unnamed loss. The loss inspires guilt in them; they thrash about in a vain effort to identify it, though they hardly realize the nature of their quest. They blame one another for the absence of what is essential to them, and immediately thereafter apologize, knowing that the accusations are misdirected. Each is isolated in his or her sorrowful guilt. Only one of them, Edmund, may emerge from the morass—as Eugene O'Neill did later, through his plays.

The long day's journey is a bitter self-examination into the darkness of the self. The journey for the dramatist constituted a process of self-discovery. But the play's characters, bound together by their dilemma, which makes for a kind of tortured love, are rarely able to touch one another. Each suspects the others of being the cause of his sufferings. An audience sufficiently attentive, and aided by a wholly sound production, should comprehend the source of the Tyrones' tragedy.

They have lost their faith. Loss of faith is the main theme almost throughout O'Neill's work. For him it was more than a personal tragedy, it was *the* American tragedy. As individuals and as a nation, we have lost that spiritual coherence which makes men and societies whole. O'Neill declared that his *magnum opus*—the nine plays, of which he completed only *A Touch of the Poet*—was the dramatization of the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

What innocent and trusting Mary Tyrone has lost is her religious faith, a faith in God which sustained her in the genteel home and the convent in which she was raised. She fell in love with James Tyrone, a star actor of romantically heroic roles, "and was so happy for a time." But the actor in the crude theatre of that day (mid- and late 19th century), with its long national tours in generally shoddy shows, stopping in every sort of hotel in numerous one-night stands, led a life that offered no haven for so delicate a being as Mary Tyrone. Her husband believed in the theatre, especially in Shakespeare; "I studied Shakespeare," he says, "as you'd study the Bible." Shakespeare was central to his religion, on whose account he rid himself of the brogue of his Irish birth.

But then he found a play which had an enormous success. His many years of immigrant struggle against poverty had made him acutely aware of "the value of a dollar." This turned him to a miserliness to which his sons ascribe all the family's misfortunes. His anxiety to avoid the specter of the poorhouse caused him to abandon his deepest desire to be a great Shakespearean actor and give himself to the exploitation of the box-office hit which he played for more than twenty years to the exclusion of everything else. He betrayed his religion. "What the hell was it I wanted to buy that was worth—" He falters as he asks the question.

The vagrant life of the road led to Mary's intense loneliness (James's boon companions, his fellow actors, were no fit company for such as she) and so unwittingly she became addicted to drugs. On this account, her older son, James,

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Jr., lost faith in his mother, becoming a cynical drunk and patron of brothels, a blasphemer against his mother's religion and his father's profession, always a little jealous of his younger brother whom he also loves. Edmund is a seeker after truth. He declares himself not so much a poet as a faithful realist. Still, he feels that he will forever be less than whole if he is unable to recapture that sense of belonging to something "greater than my own life, or the life of Man . . . to God, if you want to put it that way. . . ." He experienced such a state at moments in his year at sea. It is this ecstatic relation to existence which Edmund says he lost—"and you are alone, lost in a fog again, and stumble on toward nowhere. . . ."

If the desolateness of this condition in the Tyrone household and the agonized quest for a light beyond the dark are not present in the production, it becomes only the chronicle of an unhappy family —though, even as such, very moving. The triumph is that here a solidly constructed realistic drama is rendered integral with social meaning as well as the soulful poetry of despair and forgiveness. That is what makes *Long Day's Journey Into Night* O'Neill's masterpiece.

The sympathetic production under Arvin Brown's direction should be seen. Its actors are intelligent and personally winning. What is missing is a grand design wrought of deep inner characterizations and understanding of the play's basic mood—its tragic essence. As it stands now, the production is only a good domestic drama, though it is impossible to overlook the elements of grandeur in the wonderful scenes preceding the play's end.

Robert Ryan looks right as Tyrone. He has a mildness of temperament that is appealing without actually being impressive. (But where on the American stage today is the heroic tragic actor?) Geraldine Fitzgerald, who properly enough stresses the childlike side of Mary Tyrone and is by nature a sweet and sensitive woman, does not sufficiently convey the unfathomable bewilderment in suffering which is at the heart of the role. A promising young actor, James Naughton is a straightforward Edmund. He reads the cardinal speech of his part well: only there should be much more to it than that. Stacy Keach alone brings the searing torment of the play to the role of James, Jr. There is fire in him but perhaps not enough of a certain boyish candor, which also exists in the character's spoiled nature.

To achieve an "ideal" production for this play directors and actors must not shy from the painful, as Arvin Brown willy-nilly appears to be doing. There is a bit too much standing and walking about on Geraldine Fitzgerald's part—particularly in the third act—in order, I suppose, to avoid her having to sit quietly while speaking what amounts to a long sequence of monologues. (Morphine reduces energy in movement, but the character here, supposedly deep in her drugged musings, acts as if she were merely overtalkative.) To eschew the "heaviness" of serious drama everyone smiles too much, tries to keep things light, "natural," unemphatically simple. How afraid we are today of emotional power, of magnitude! We make everything "clear" and small. "The tragedy of America is its fear of tragedy."

The merit of *Metamorphoses* is its refreshing ease and simplicity (Ambassador). It is theatre without headache. Alternating with *Story Theatre* (based on Grimm's fairy tales), it is the second production directed by Paul Sills, the leader of a unit that calls itself "Story Theatre."

Though presumably representative of a theatre style (the actors speak, explaining and quoting the original material, sing a bit, cavort and very nearly dance), *Metamorphoses* is not at all pretentious, though it is based on Ovid's poem about the frolic of the gods: Jupiter, Juno, Venus and lesser deities and legendary figures. According to Ovid, they were a sensuously swinging crowd. Adapted and translated by Arnold Weinstein, his pantheon becomes a covey of charming American kids. As I watched the show I thought of Schiller's epigram, "In the days when the gods were more human, men were more divine."

On the technical side, Paul Sills's group is an example of the so-called "new" trend in theatre which makes freedom of movement, playfulness, and the total engagement of the actor's physical equipment central to the art. In this respect it is not as extraordinary as André Gregory's *Alice in Wonderland* company, whose exertions are much bolder and more strenuous. The number of young actors today who have been trained to almost acrobatic scope is growing. This was evident in the juvenilia of a show called *Kiss Now* at the Martinique Theatre, directed by Maxine Klein, which I found more likable than did most of the other reviewers.

None of these young folk is as practiced in precision or prowess as Grotowski's troupe (ours aren't favored with the same facilities for development), but it is to be observed that Grotowski's purpose in urging his actors to the ultimate limits of their bodily and vocal capacities is to unleash their inner being, to rid them of all their inhibitions and reticences, in the hope of achieving a sort of holy catharsis. Our cognate groups tend toward kindly fun. One exception to this is Joseph Chaikin's Open Theatre the bias of which is toward the pensive, a gentle existentialism.

The "girls" in *Metamorphoses* are attractive; an air of sweet sexiness hovers over the entertainment. There are pantomimes of copulation but the effect is always chaste. The evening ends with the tender story of Philemon and Baucis. You will like the show if you appreciate a mild *apéritif*; you may not be altogether satisfied if you hope for something headier. □

IN MY WINDOW

In the window of my chamber
tie a sign
fly from my window
bind myself with the wind

cry
leaf! cloud! wind!

Mary Oppen

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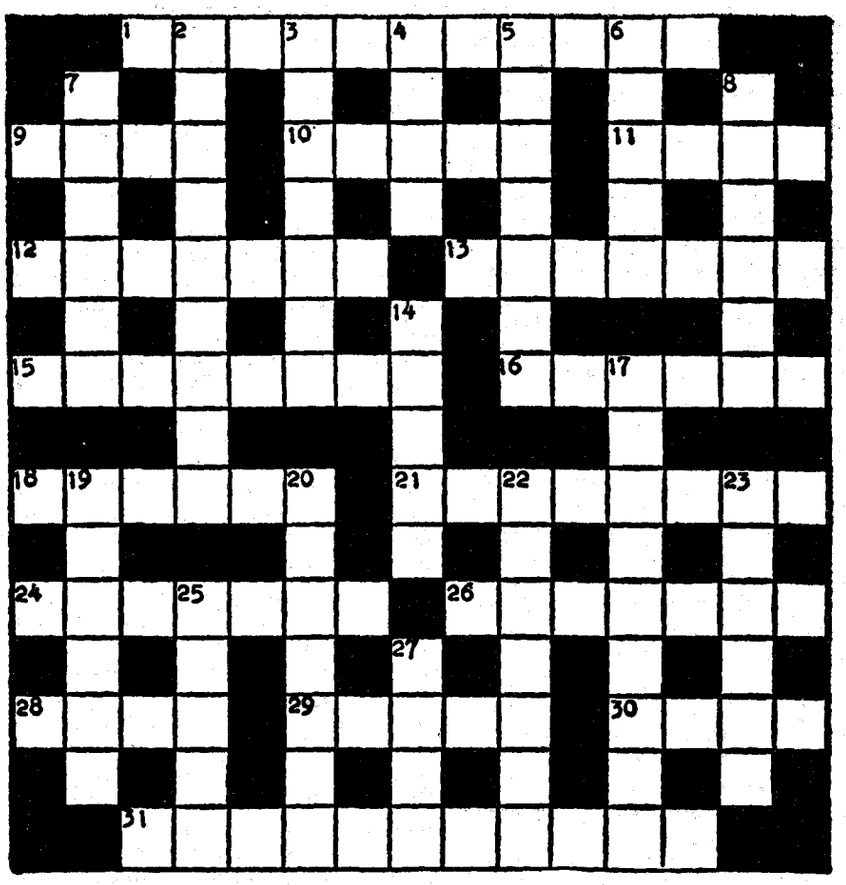

ACROSS

1 A royal attack is the very best! (3,3,1,4)
9 and 10 How one sometimes buys an unabridged dictionary or a lamp to hold things off. (9)
11 and 24 What to do if the drape gets wrinkled, perhaps falsely attributed to Winston. (4,7)
12 Breaking in might present no problem to one. (7)
13 Might be rather stylish, covering perhaps a hundred yards. (7)
15 Certain missiles need rags to explode them. (8)
16 and 14 down Takes on a whole team, but doesn't really get involved. (6,5)
18 Fold your tents, like the Arabs? (6)
21 In return, assistance to the aggregate of people might cause violent denunciation. (8)
24 See 11 across.
26 Neapolitan secret society associated with a car wreck around Italy's backward capital. (7)
28 and 30 Board that has to scheme to get a royalty. (8)
29 See 3 down.
30 See 28 across.
31 Moving at once with a firm heart, pull things together! (11)

DOWN

2 Gluck put her in Aulis or Tauris, being Agamemnon's daughter. (9)
3 and 29 across The Whiting (rather than the Walrus) and the Carpenter? Standard British fare! (4,3,5)
4 Bring up behind. (4)
5 What little folk are supposed to take in the afternoon also takes other people. (7)
6 and 23 down What might be right from the horse's mouth gets rather dull nearby. (11)
7 Ogden Nash's quick drink? (6)
8 Looked all around, but was still hoodwinked. (6)
14 See 16 across.
17 What a man might do by turning it inside out might jar one in flight. (3,6)
19 Indicated by one line being superior to another just as short. (6)
20 Their father was probably 30. (7)
22 Piled up in the same sad confusion! (7)
23 See 6 down.
25 Protracted absence of sun might make it dance. (5)
27 Turn over in the cash register? (4)

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